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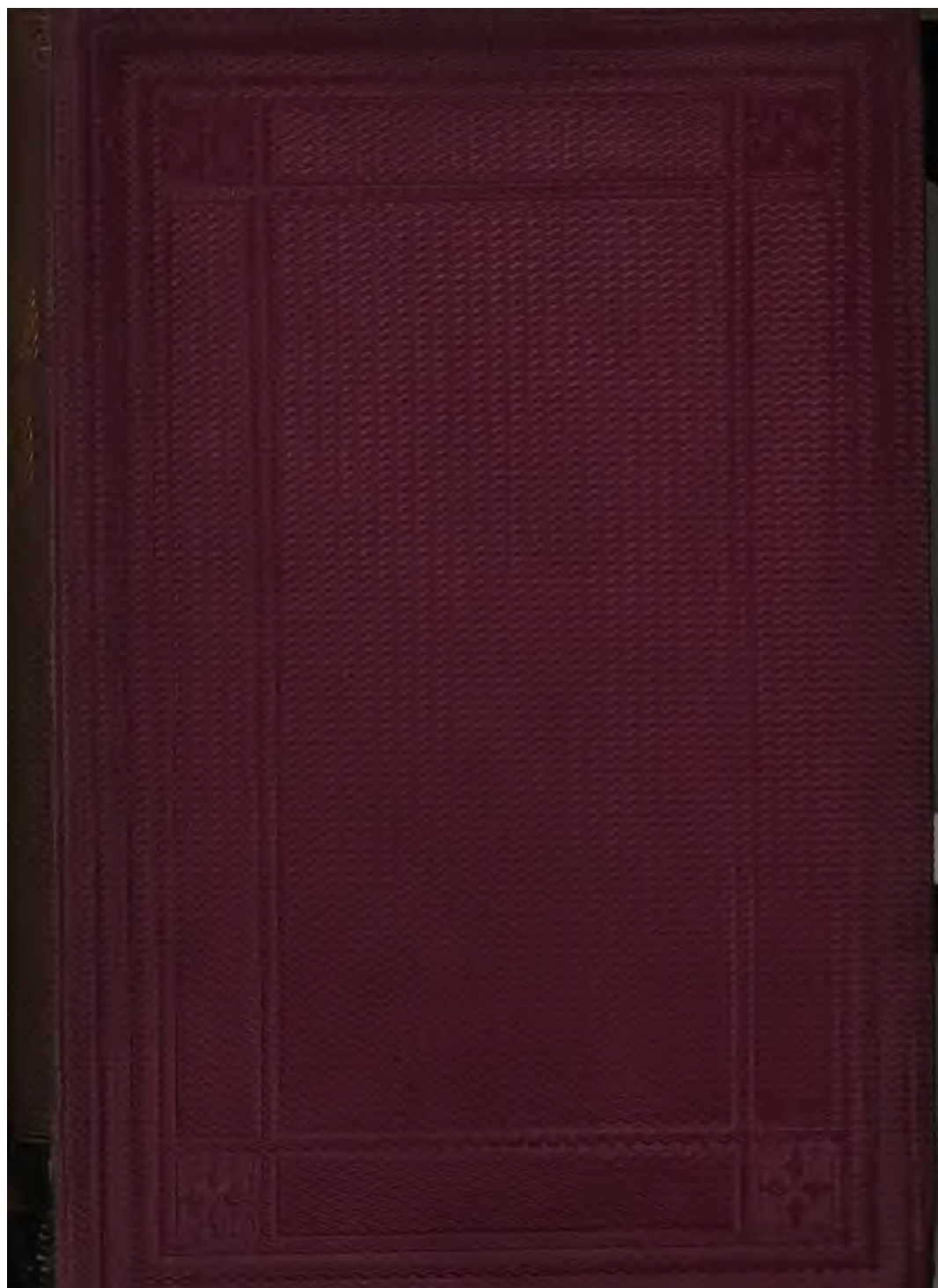
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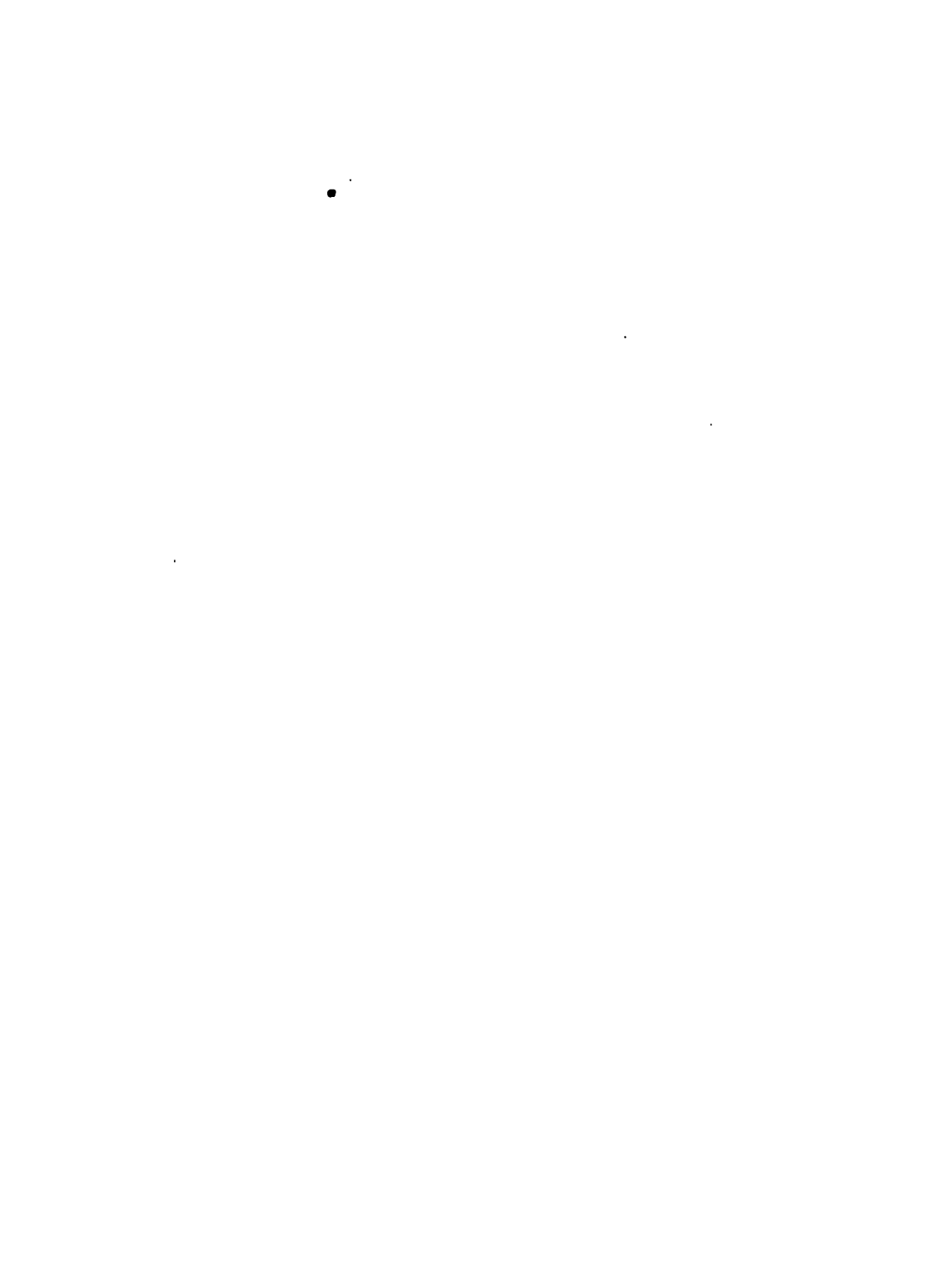


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“ For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God ! ”

See page 208.

SELECTIONS OF POETRY

FOR

READING AND STUDY.



SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, 54 FLEET STREET.
LONDON. MDCCCLXII.

280 b 19.



Affectionately Dedicated
TO THEIR
PRESENT AND FORMER PUPILS
BY
THE COMPILERS.



THE following Selection of Poetry has been made by the Compilers for their own use in the work of instruction ; it may be acceptable to others similarly engaged, and is published with the hope of a circulation in Schools and Families.



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SELECTIONS OF POETRY.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first born !
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam !
May I express thee unblamed ? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity ; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate !
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and, at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn ; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;

Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare ! thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineas, prophets old :
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return : but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark,
Surrounds me ! from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off ; and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out !



So much the rather thou, celestial Light !
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

MILTON.

THE ANGELIC SONG.

THEN crowned again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that, glittering by their side,
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
No voice exempt,—no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

“ Thee, Father,” now they sung, “ Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King ; thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt’st
Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad’st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud,
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.”

“ Thee,” too they sang, “ of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,

Whom else no creature can behold ; on thee
Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfused on thee His ample Spirit rests.
He heaven of heavens, and all the powers therein,
By thee created, and by thee threw down
The aspiring Dominations."

MILTON.

EVENING DISCOURSE BETWEEN
ADAM AND EVE.

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : " Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft, slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids : other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemployed, and less need rest ;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind

Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring ; and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.”

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned :
“ My author and disposer, what thou bidd’st
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains ;
God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
Is woman’s happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time ;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends

With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied :
" Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were none,
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep :
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,

Sole or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower.

MILTON.

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold Him, and with songs,
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven:
On earth join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end!
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun! of this great world both eye and soul,

Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon ! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wandering fires ! that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air and ye elements ! the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix,
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our Great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations ! that now rise
From hill, or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise :
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising, or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds ! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft, or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines !
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices all, ye living souls ; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,

Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

MILTON.

EVE'S LAMENTATION.

OH, unexpected stroke! worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day,
That must be mortal to us both: oh, flowers!
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names;
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

MILTON.

LEAVING PARADISE.

“How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measured this transient world, the race of time
Till time stand fixed? beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire,
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in His presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on Him sole depend,
Merciful over all His works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemed weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth’s sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful, death the gate of life;
Taught this by His example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest!”

To whom thus also the Angel last replied:
“This having learned, thou hast attained the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knewest by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature’s works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoyed’st,
And all the rule one empire; only add

Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come called charity, the soul
Of all the rest, then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far !
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation ; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence."
In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain ; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms :
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon ;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.

ON THE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not : in thy book record their groans

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

MILTON.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide.
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies,—“God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

MILTON.

RIVERS PERSONIFIED.

RIVERS, arise ; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads ;
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath ;
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death ;
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee ;
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name ;
Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame.

MILTON.

SPECULATION REPROVED.

ABSTAIN

To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not revealed, which the invisible King,
Only omniscient, hath suppressed in night ;
To none communicable in earth, or heaven :
Enough is left besides to search, and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid ;
Leave them to God above ; Him serve, and fear !

Of other creatures, as Him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let Him dispose.

Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee, and thy being.

But, apt the mind, or fancy is to rove
Unchecked, and of her roving is no end
Till, warned, or by experience taught, she learn
That, not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure, and subtle; but, to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom: what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence;
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.

MILTON.

GALILEO.

THE moon whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views,
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.

MILTON.

THE GOSPEL.

Oh, how unlike the complex works of man,
 Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!
 No meretricious graces to beguile,
 No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;
 From ostentation, as from weakness free,
 It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
 Majestic in its own simplicity. }
 Inscribed above the portal, from afar,
 Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
 Legible only by the Light they give,
 Stand the soul-quickenings words—Believe and live.

COWPER.

THE COMPARISON.


THE path to bliss abounds with many a snare;
 Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
 The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
 (Mention him if you please. Voltaire? The same.)
 With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied,
 Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died;
 The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
 Bon-mots to gall the Christian and the Jew;
 An infidel in health, but what when sick?
 Oh!—then a text would touch him at the quick:
 View him at Paris in his last career:
 Surrounding throngs the demigod revere;

Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fumed with frankincense on every side,
He begs their flattery with his latest breath,
And, smothered in it at last, is praised to death.
Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light ;
She, for her humble sphere by God made fit,
Has little understanding and no wit,
Receives no praise ; but though her lot be such
(Toilsome and indigent), she renders much ;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Oh, happy peasant ! oh, unhappy bard !
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward ;
He, praised perhaps for ages yet to come ;
She, never heard of half-a-mile from home :
He, lost in errors, his vain heart prefers ;
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

COWPER.

THE BELIEVER'S PLEA.

MARSHALLING all His terrors as He came,
Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame,
From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law,
Life for obedience, death for every flaw.



When the great Sovereign would His will express,
He gives a perfect rule—what can He less?
And guards it with a sanction as severe
As vengeance can inflict, or sinners fear:
Else His own glorious rights He would disclaim,
And man might safely trifle with His name.
He bids him glow with unremitting love
To all on earth, and to Himself above;
Condemns the injurious deed, the slanderous tongue,
The thought that meditates a brother's wrong:
Brings not alone the more conspicuous part—
His conduct—to the test, but tries his heart.
Hark! universal nature shook and groaned;
'Twas the last trumpet—see the Judge enthroned:
Rouse all your courage at your utmost need,
Now summon every virtue, stand and plead.
What! silent? Is your boasting heard no more?
That self-renouncing wisdom, learned before,
Had shed immortal glories on your brow,
That all your virtues cannot purchase now.
All joy to the believer! He can speak—
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.
Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped, but in thy righteousness divine!
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part
That they proceeded from a grateful heart:
Cleansed in thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good:


I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon thee :
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.
Angelic gratulations rend the skies,
Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise ;
Humility is crowned, and Faith receives the prize.
COWPER.

COMMUNION.


WHEN one, that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings ;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvass furled,
In some safe haven of our western world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went ;
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.
COWPER.

THE DISCIPLES ON THEIR WAY TO
EMMAUS.

It happened on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our Surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event :
They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife ;
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enriched them still the more ;
They thought Him, and they justly thought Him, One
Sent to do more than He appeared to have done—
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else—and wondered He should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them, with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, He gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all He said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, the night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted—sojourn here ;
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,



He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, " 'Twas the Lord :
Did not our hearts feel all He deigned to say ?
Did they not burn within us by the way ?"
Now theirs was converse such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves ;
Their views, indeed, were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aimed at Him.
Christ and His character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting Him to loose the sacred seal,
Found Him as prompt as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.
Well—what are ages and the lapse of time
Matched against truths as lasting as sublime ?
Can length of years on God Himself exact ?
Or make that fiction which was once a fact ?
No ; marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the graver's memory, pass away ;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust ;
But truth divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded as its base is sure ;
Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of the eternal plan appears ;
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.
Hearts may be found, that harbour at this hour
That love of Christ, and all its quickening power ;
And lips unstained by folly or by strife,
Whose wisdom, drawn from the deep well of life,




Tastes of its healthful origin, and flows
A Jordan for the ablution of our woes.
Oh, days of heaven, and nights of equal praise,
Serene and peaceful as those heavenly days,
When souls, drawn upwards in communion sweet,
Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat,
Discourse, as if released and safe at home,
Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come,
And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
Upon the lap of covenanted Rest!

COWPER.

SPIRITUAL SIGHT.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme!
Did not His eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in His dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart His plan,
Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm Him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of His affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,




Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life: involves the heaven
In tempests; quits His grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming health.
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivelled lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneous and discordant springs,
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects;
Of action and reaction. He has found
The source of the disease that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend the effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first He made the world?
And did He not of old employ His means
To drown it? What is His creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Formed for His use, and ready at His will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of Him,
Or ask of whomsoever He has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

COWPER.



EMPLOYMENT.

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,
Not waste it; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When He shall call His debtors to account,
From whom are all our blessings, business finds
E'en here; while sedulous I seek to improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemployed,
The mind He gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulged in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business; feels himself engaged to achieve
No unimportant, though a silent, task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem
To him that leads it wise, and to be praised;



But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water and beneath clear skies :
He that is ever occupied in storms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

COWPER.

TRUE FREEDOM.


HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And, smiling, say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap

The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot, but ye will not find,
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his who, unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city—planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less;
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine:
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to His embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,

Ruminate, heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcerned who formed
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well pleased to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touched from Heaven,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read His wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for His
Much more who fashioned it, he gives it praise,—
Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees Him or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More worthily the powers she owned before;
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked,
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute—
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
With which heaven rang, when every star, in haste

To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—“ Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race
Favoured as ours—transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours?”
As one who, long detained on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country’s weather-bleached and battered rocks,
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordned to guide the embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from heaven, must thither tend.
So reads he nature whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word !
Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
With intellect bemazed in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,
With means that were not till by thee employed,
Worlds that had never been hadst thou in strength

Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy power
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell;
Yet, deemed oracular, lure down to death
The uninformed and heedless souls of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,
The glory of thy work; which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and proved
Then skilful most when most severely judged.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st:
Thy providence forbids that fickle power
(If power she be that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome; gods that sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amused spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure.
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
For which we shunned and hated thee before.
Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,



Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not
Till thou hast touched them; 'tis the voice of song,
A loud hosanna sent from all thy works;
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the general praise.
In that blest moment, nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The Author of her beauties, who, retired
Behind His own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears His power denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds—
Their only point of rest, eternal Word!
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, O thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

COWPER.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

THE groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
The time of rest, the promised Sabbath, comes.

Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon His sultry march,
When sin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in His chariot paved with love:
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.
Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch:
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels,
To give it praise proportioned to its worth,
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a task more arduous still.
O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field

Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now : the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place ;
That creeping pestilence is driven away ;
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not : the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations : and all cry,
“ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us ! ”
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.

Behold the measure of the promise filled ;
See Salem built, the labour of a God !
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands
Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ;
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates ; upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the farthest West ;
And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travelled forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion ! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.
Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.
So God has greatly purposed ; who would else
In His dishonoured works Himself endure
Dishonour, and be wronged without redress.
Haste, then, and wheel away a shattered world,
Ye slow revolving seasons ! we would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world that does not dread and hate His laws,
And suffer for its crime ; would learn how fair
The creature is that God pronounces good,
How pleasant in itself what pleases Him.

Here every drop of honey hides a sting ;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers ;
And e'en the joy that haply some poor heart
Derives from heaven, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
Oh for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish ! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, shouldering aside
The meek and modest truth, and forcing her
To seek a refuge from the tongue of strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men :
Where violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears :
Where he that fills an office shall esteem
The occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite : where law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as wisdom prompts
And equity ; not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright :
Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of love !
Come, then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy ! It was thine
By ancient covenant ere nature's birth ;
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim thee King ; and in their hearts

Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipped in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim thee King; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
The dawn of thy last advent, long desired,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
Come, then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
Due to thy last and most effectual work,
Thy word fulfilled, the conquest of a world!

COWPER.

AN EPISTLE TO AN
AFFLICTED PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

MADAM,

A Stranger's purpose in these lays
Is to congratulate, and not to praise.
To give the creature the Creator's due,
Were sin in me, and an offence to you.
From man to man, or e'en to woman paid,
Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,
A coin by craft for folly's use designed,
Spurious, and only current with the blind.
The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
The world may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheered as they go by many a sprightly strain,

Where nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread,
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.
But He, who knew what human hearts would prove —
How slow to learn the dictates of His love,
That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls His grace designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, "Go, spend them in the vale of tears."
O balmy gales of soul-reviving air!
O salutary streams, that murmur there!
These flowing from the fount of grace above,
Those breathed from lips of everlasting love.
The flinty soil, indeed, their feet annoys;
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys;
An envious world will interpose its frown,
To mar delights superior to its own;
And many a pang, experienced still within,
Reminds them of their hated inmate, sin:
But ills of every shape and every name,
Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel aim;
And every moment's calm, that soothes the breast,
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.
Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste!
No shepherds' tents within thy view appear,
But the chief Shepherd even there is near;
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain;

Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And every drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—
So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

COWPER.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S
PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art than can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.


My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble-coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.

Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
'That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail immortal, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,



That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now farewell!—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again,
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;

And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on its side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree—
(Two nymphs, adorned with every grace,
That spaniel found for me)—

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads,
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And, puzzling, set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned ;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And, plunging, left the shore.

I saw him, with that lily cropped,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, "The world," I cried,
"Shall hear of this thy deed :
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed ;

But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all."

COWPER.

THE HEALER.

I WAS a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One, who had Himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In His side He bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.

COWPER.

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth shew the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The working days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
On which heaven's palace arched lies ;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His ;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath enclosed this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove
 With the same shake, which at His passion
 Did the earth and all things with it move.
 As Samson bore the doors away,
 Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
 And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
 We sullied by our foul offence:
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,
 Having a new at His expense,
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price
 That was required to make us gay,
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
 And where the week days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven.

HERBERT.

GRACE.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
 Doth my dull husbandry improve;
 O let thy graces without cease
 Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
 Thy works night's captives: O let grace
 Drop from above.

The dew doth every morning fall,
 And shall the dew outstrip thy love?
 The dew, for which grass cannot call,
 Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
 And digs my grave at each remove:
 Let grace work too, and on my soul
 Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
 Unto a hardness void of love:
 Let suppling grace to cross his art
 Drop from above.

O come! for thou dost know the way:
 Or if to me thou wilt not move,
 Remove me where I need not say—
 "Drop from above."
 HERBERT.

PROVIDENCE.

O SACRED Providence, who from end to end
 Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
 And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
 To hold my quill? shall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to man thou hast made known thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds warble to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown; but all their hands and throats
Are brought to man, while they are lame and mute.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy command or thy permission
Lays hands on all: they are thy right and left;
The first puts on with speed an expedition;
The other curbs sin's stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both: all must appear,
And be disposed, and dressed, and tuned by thee,
Who sweetly temperest all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be?

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall,
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Thy cupboard serves the world; the meat is set
Where all may reach: no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking; fishes have their net:
The great prey on the less; they on some weed.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow ; but withdraw their food
When they are fledged, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man ; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit for use :
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

E'en poisons praise thee. Should a thing be lost ?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due ?
Since where are poisons, antidotes are most ;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
The hills with health abound, the vales with store ;
The south with marble ; north with furs and woods.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and needle, all in one.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them ;
And none can know thy works, which are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
Yet in their being join with one advice
To honour thee : and so I give thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

HERBERT.



HEAVEN.

O WHO will shew me those delights on high?

Echo. I

Thou, Echo? thou art mortal, all men know.

Echo. No.

Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?

Echo. Leaves.

And are there any leaves that still abide?

Echo. Abide.

What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.

Echo. Holy.

Are holy leaves the echo then of bliss?

Echo. Yes.

Then tell me, What is that supreme delight?

Echo. Light.

Light to the mind: What shall the will enjoy?

Echo. Joy.

But are there cares and business with the pleasure?

Echo. Leisure.

Light, Joy, and Leisure. But shall they last for ever?

Echo. Ever.

HERBERT.

FROM CAROLINE FRY'S SELECTION.

"I am with thee."

ALONE! ah, no—I can with holy fear,
 With joy reflect my God is present here—
 Here in His glory, though now veiled to sense—
 Here in the mystery of His providence—

Here, O my soul, in wisdom to direct—
Here, with His mighty power, to protect—
Here in the riches of His grace to bless,
And to surround thee with His faithfulness—
Here in the depth of His unfathomed love,
And truth, the pillar of His throne above—
Here, in His majesty, while Mercy's wings
Temper the splendour of the King of kings.
Jesus is here—and thou mayest freely claim
All that is wrapt in that most hallowed Name—
Jehovah ! Saviour ! and delighted trace
Thy Father's kindness in thy Saviour's face.
It is in Him God's truth and mercy meet ;
His righteousness in which thou art complete ;
He is the Sun that beams upon thy head—
He is the Shield, above, around thee spread ;
The Spirit of His holiness is thine ;
And in thy heart His rays of glory shine.
God with thy heart must ever present be,
If thou in Christ art dwelling, Christ in thee.
O solemn, sacred, sweet assurance this !
O blessed earnest of eternal bliss !
Alone I never am, for God is here ;
My praise, my confidence, my joy, my fear :
Alone I cannot be, for thou, O Lord,
My glorious portion and my high reward,
Art ever with me ; and by day, by night,
Alone, or in society, thy light,
Thy love, I see, I feel within my breast ;
And if my God is with me, I am blest.

IOTA.

A PRAYER.

LEADER of thy faithful few,
Faithful but as kept by thee,
As my journey I pursue,
Let mine eyes thy glory see—
Beaming on me from above,
God of truth and God of love.

O how dark the human mind,
Till thy Spirit shines within,
Cold, contracted, and confin'd,
Full of idols, self, and sin,
Till the "Light of Life" is shed
Through the chambers of the dead!

• Then the gloom is changed to gladness,
Then the soul reflects thy rays,
Then the oil of joy for sadness
Gives its fragrance forth in praise.
Be that rich anointing mine,
Lord—that praise be ever thine!

IOTA.

THE AFFECTIONS OF MY SOUL.

After judgment given against me in a Court of Justice
upon the evidence of False Witnesses.

RICHARD LANGHORN.

From the State Trials.

[Richard Langhorn was one of the many who suffered death on the
false evidence of Titus Oates.]

It is told me I must die.

O happy news!

Be glad, O my soul,

And rejoice in thy Saviour.

If He intended thy perdition,

Would He have laid down His life for thee?

Would He have expected thee with so much patience,

And given thee so long a time for repentance?

Would He have called thee with so much love,

And illuminated thee with the light of His Spirit?

Would He have drawn thee with so great force,

And favoured thee with so many graces?

Would He have given thee so many good desires?

Would He have set the seal of the Predestinate upon thee,

And dressed thee in His own livery?

Would He have given thee His own cross,

And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die.
O happy news!
Come on, my dearest soul,
Behold thy Jesus calls thee!
He prayed for thee upon the cross;
There He extended His arms to receive thee;
There He bow'd down His head to kiss thee;
There He cried out ~~with~~ a powerful voice,
"Father, receive him, he is mine!"
There He opened His heart to give thee entrance;
There He gave up His life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die.
O happy news!
I shall be freed from misery,
I shall no more suffer pain,
I shall no more be subject to sin,
I shall no more be in fear of being lost.

But from henceforth
I shall see and I shall live,
I shall praise and I shall bless;
And this I shall always do,
Without ever being weary
Of doing what I always am to do.

It is told me I must die.
O what happiness!
I am going
To the place of my rest;
To the land of the living;
To the haven of security;
To the kingdom of peace;

To the palace of my God ;
To the nuptials of the Lamb ;
To sit at the table of my King ;
To feed on the bread of angels ;
To see what no eye hath seen ;
To hear what no ear hath heard ;
To 'enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father,
O thou, the best of fathers,
Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children.
I was lost, but by thy mercy am now found :
I was dead, but by thy grace am now raised again :
I was gone astray after vanity,
But am now ready to appear before thee.

O my Father,
Come now in mercy and receive thy child !
Give him the kiss of peace,
Show him the remission of his sins,
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe,
Receive him into thy house,
Permit him to have a place at thy feast,
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.
LANGHORN.

ON A SEAL,

WITH THE DEVICE, A BUTTERFLY BURSTING ITS SHELL,
AND THE MOTTO, "À DIEU."

BURST, O my soul, this shell of clay,
Mount up to God and soar away,
On silver wings and plumes of brightest gold :
Grovel no more on this vile earth,
Taste the full joys of thy new birth—
Joys which no eye hath seen, no tongue hath told.
S.

THE SABBATH'S RETURN.

HAIL to thee, Day of Pleasure, Day of Love !
Brightly descending from above,
With so much of heaven itself upon thy wing,
As is in the bright glistening
Of the first morning dew-drops of the beam
That shines upon it with so rich a stream :
It seems itself a gem—and *it is* one,
Although so quickly gone.

O how I love thee ! Every other day—
Like the worn pack-horse, weary as he lay
Beneath his burden, waked at dawn
To make his journey on—
The bosom, scarce ungirdled of its care,
The pulse of yesternight still throbbing there,
Wakes to its eager doings—toiling still,
Or come there good or ill.

On every other day there seems to be
A doubtful haziness about the ray
That meets my opening eyelids—a doubt,
So I might choose, if I would wake or not—
It seems to need an effort to go forth
And do the toilsome day's work of the earth,
For some small profit of enjoyment made,
And likely never paid.

O how I love thee! So unlike thy rays
To the precursors of all other days;
They give not sound to battle or to toil.
Drowsy forgetfulness loitering awhile
Upon the wakening senses, ere I know
Why thou art welcome, I can feel thee so.
A gentle stillness waits on thy returnings,
Unlike all other mornings.

What is there for to-day? Nothing to-day,
Except to go our willing, happy way
In search of Him we love; and calmly sit
In lowly adoration at His feet—
To gather deeper knowledge of His ways,
Or list His promises, or sing His praise!

Ye happy, happy moments! Will they say
Ye are not of His appointing? Not a day
That He has hallowed for Himself and claimed,
And, as it were, redeemed
From the long servitude of time—
To be from care's long toiling free?
A part reclaimed from what was once His own,
His undivided own?

O cease to say so! Why forbid the breast
 Its some few moments of recovered rest?
 It is of His own doing—a design
 So kind, so tender, proves itself divine.
 He who in His wisdom bade us toil
 To win subsistence from the sin-cursed soil—
 First emblem of His mercy's rich behest—
 Alone can bid us rest.

FAITH.


“For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.”—*Eph.* i. 8.

BLIND, weak, and restless, man by nature knows,
 Nor heavenly light, nor freedom, nor repose.
 His all embarked on life's uncertain sea,
 At random driven on and tempest tossed;
 The fragile vessel must for ever be,
 Without a compass or a pilot, lost.
 A tide of sorrow bears him to the grave,
 Nor hath he power to repel the wave,
 Breaking with mighty force upon that shore,
 Where the frail bark, once cast, is seen no more

Amidst the elemental storm,
 Behold, an angel form:
 She comes—but not with meteor light;
 She speaks—but not with syren voice;
 Her counsel sets the wanderer right,
 And leads him to rejoice.

While peacefully the vessel glides along,
Hers is the harp, and hers the song ;
And when the winds prevail,
When the dark waters roll,
She holds the helm, she furls the sail,
And casts the anchor out to stay the soul.
She bids the watchful mariner descry
• Dangers unnoticed by the careless eye.
Midst rocks and quicksands then in safety steers
His doubtful way, and still his spirit cheers,
And with fresh energy inspires his breast,
Through adverse currents of contending force,
Directs his steady, his unerring course,
Until in peace he gains the haven of his rest.
For she hath visited the world unknown,
That world—from Reason deep concealed,
Is to the eye of Faith revealed ;
Its wonders are unveiled to Faith alone.
But she hath scaled its awful height,
And tasted of its pleasures ;
Her wings expanding with delight,
To scan its boundless treasures !
And she can sing of what no eye hath seen
Nor ear discerned, and where no thought hath been,
Save that Great Spirit, that Almighty mind
In splendour inaccessible enshrined ;
Who is, who was, who will for ever be
Throned in the praises of eternity !

Believer—canst thou see that land so fair ?
Dost thou desire a happy entrance there ?



Incline thine ear to what the vision saith.
The Record of Eternal Life receive
In Him of whom it testifies—believe
His Word declares—"The just shall live by faith."
IOTA.

"MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

THE curling waves, with awful roar,
A little boat assailed,
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er all on board prevailed.

Save one, the Captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm,
And cheerful, with composure smiled,
At danger's threatening form.

"And sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied,
"My father's at the helm."

So when our worldly all is reft,
Our earthly helpers gone,
We still have one true Anchor left—
God helps, and He alone!

He to our prayers will bend an ear,
He gives our pangs relief;
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy each torturing grief.

Then turn to Him, mid sorrows wild,
When wants and woes o'erwhelm ;
Remembering, like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Know, Death, that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too ! they are not thine ;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promised day of restitution ;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of the Archangel, shall awake thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty : — We know
The illustrious Deliverer of His own,
The Son of God, thee foiled. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold : self-vigorous He rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils His voluntary yielding lent
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall).
Twice twenty days He sojourned here on earth,
And showed Himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see Him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds : but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and wearied with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let Him in ;

Nor are His friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for Himself alone procures admission,
But for His train; it is His royal will
That where He is, there should His followers be.
Death only lies between! a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-conditioned children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwithering bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by a rivulet's brink a youngster play!
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolved,
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From the inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smiled so sweet of late. Thrice welcome
That after many a painful, trying step, Death
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wished-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turned to a blessing. Death disarmed
Loses his terror quite; all thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out! thus the last end
Of the redeemed is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.

Behold him ! in the evening tide of life,
By unperceived degrees he wears away ;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting !
High in his faith and hopes, look ! now he reaches
After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
That's hampered, struggles hard to get away !
While the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in ; then, oh ! then,
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh ! how he longs
To hail the hour of his dismissal hence !
'Tis come ! and now he is happy ! the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrowned. And now the flesh
Rests, too, in hope of meeting once again
Its better self, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain : the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust,
Inviolatè : and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account ; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnished ;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane !
Ask not, how this can be ? Know the same power
That reared the piece at first, and took it down,
Can reassemble the loose, scattered parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more ; nor is His arm impaired
Through length of days ; and what He can He will ;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,

Not inattentive to the call, shall wake ;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner ; but, amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
Just new come home, who, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice-happy meeting !
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more !

BLAIR.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM ON
THE OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPOTENCE OF
THE DEITY.

WHAT is that secret power that guides the brutes ?
That Heaven-directed Instinct ! 'Tis from thee ;
It is the operation of thine hands,
Immediate, instantaneous ; 'tis thy wisdom
That glorious shines transparent through thy works.
Who taught the lark, or who forewarned the jay,
To shun the deadly nightshade ? Though the cherry
Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
Lure with more seeming sweets the wandering eye,
Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoyed
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to taste is fatal ; whence, alarmed,
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reasoner, philosophic man,

Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge? No.
 Full many a race has fallen into the snare
 Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface;
 And oft in desert isles the famished pilgrim,
 By forms of fruit, and luscious taste, beguiled,
 Like his forefather, Adam, eats and dies.

* * * * *

When Philomela, ere the cold domain
 Of crippled winter comes, prepares
 Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
 Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
 Who points her passage through the pathless void
 To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
 Her science is the science of her God.
 Not the magnetic index to the north
 E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon;
 She, heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
 Courts not coy West nor East, but instant knows
 What Newton or not sought, or sought in vain.

* * * * *

"Tremble, thou Earth!" the anointed poet said,
 "At God's bright presence; tremble all ye mountains!
 And all ye hillocks on the surface bound!"
 Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
 Which is, and is not—in a moment—hark!
 On the hurricane's tempestuous sweep He rides
 Invincible, and oaks, and pines, and cedars,
 And forests are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
 The West encounters East, and Notus meets
 In his career the Hyperborean blast.
 The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
 And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,

Who dared the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints, and falls, and dies; while He supreme
Stands steadfast in the centre of the storm.
Wherefore ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty,
Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That woo's the yielding needle; contemplate
The attractive amber's power, invisible
E'en to the mental eye: or when the blow
Sent from the electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Shew me the hand that dealt it! Baffled here .
By His Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands, with all His circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in the ethereal space,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.
If such the operations of His power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Ruled by established laws and current nature)
Arrest the attention, who, oh! who shall tell
His acts miraculous? when His own decrees
Repeals He, or suspends: when, by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of His prophetic seers, such deeds were wrought—
Need I recount how Sampson's warlike arm,
With more than mortal nerves was strung to overthrow
Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell
How David triumphed, and what Job sustained?

But, oh ! supreme, unutterable mercy !
Oh ! love unequalled, mystery immense,
Which angels long to unfold ! redeeming love !
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,—
Confirms the great, the uncontroverted claim.
His was a life of miracles and might,
Of mercy and of love, ere yet He drank
The bitter draught of death, ere yet He rose
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And death, and sin, and hell, in triumph led.
By everlasting gift and purchase His,
Those who in service sweet and golden bonds
Are tied to Him for ever. Oh ! how easy
Is His ungalling yoke, and all His burdens
'Tis ecstasy to bear ! Him, blessed Shepherd !
His flocks shall follow through the maze of life,
And shades that tend to day-spring from on high ;
And as the radiant roses, after fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath,
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love Him — sweet is their savour,
And all eternity shall be their spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of Glory enters in,
Be to the saints unbarred : and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion,—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him who is, and was,
And, in immortal prowess King of kings,
Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever.

SMART.

F

MOSES DESCENDING FROM SINAI.

PROPHET of God, descending from the mount!
Thy feet have trodden holy ground, thine eye
Hath caught from opening heaven its radiancy,
And brought it hither from its highest fount!
So have I sometimes seen a Christian bear
A brightness, not of earth, but from above,
Lighting his countenance with rays of love,
As he descended from the mount of prayer:
Benevolence, affection, holy peace,
Serene and humble trust—a soul at rest,
A faith established, and a peaceful breast,
A confidence, a joy, which cannot cease:
These, these have shed a glory pure and bright,
As that which clad the prophet's face with light!

EDMESTON.

GOD, THE DISPOSER OF EVENTS.

“My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.”—*Ps. xxxi. 15.*

My times are in thy hand! Delightful thought!
This will I wear as memory's brightest gem:
Thou hast acquitted! Who shall dare condemn?
Thine, thine I am, by blood-paid purchase bought:
Then, if I live, thy hand will trace my way;
All things are mine, and working for my good,
Nor would I wish to alter if I could,
One cloud, a sunbeam of my earthly day;

Victor of all! The keys of death are thine;
 Sickness and pain, and dark-winged powers of harm,
 Have lost, with me, the license to alarm,
 Thou hast subdued them, and the gain is mine.
 Thus, as to some high mountain's top I rise,
 And sit above the clouds, and live in stainless skies.

EDMESTON.

“FEED MY LAMBS.”

“FEED my lambs,” ’twas kindly spoken,
 ’Twas a legacy of love!
 Still His followers keep the token
 Of their Saviour passed above.
 Heaven receives Him, and conceals Him,
 Yet we still in Him confide;
 Still to us His word reveals Him
 For our Saviour and our Guide.

While there beats one heart possessing
 Holy love and heavenly fear,
 We may rest secure in blessing,
 We shall find a shepherd here.
 Yet, kind Lord, whilst thou hast given
 Earthly good from day to day,
 Send us down those gifts from heaven
 Which can never fade away.

EDMESTON.

CHRISTIAN ADMONITION.

"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."—*Gal.* vi. 1.

BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault:
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all;
Were that withdrawn, thou, too, wouldst swerve and halt

Send back the wanderer to the Saviour's fold,—
That were an action worthy of a saint;
But not in malice let the crime be told,
Nor published to the world the evil taint.

The Saviour suffers when His children slide;
Then is His holy Name by men blasphemed!
And He afresh is mocked and crucified,
Even by those His bitter death redeemed.

Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke;
Feel as one member in another's pain;
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,
And mighty and eternal is thy gain!

EDMESTON.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—*Ps.* xxiii. 1.

KIND Shepherd, who thy little flock dost guide,
Wisdom thy rod, thy staff unceasing love,
And dost in pastures feed, and coverts hide,
Thy chosen till they reach the fold above.

Each weakness and each want to thee are known,
All strength is thine, and every holy joy,
The people whom thou choosest for thine own
No force can sever, and no foe destroy.

Rich is the food thou givest—bread from heaven—
Waters of life, which from thy presence flow;
And fitting guidance all their journey given,
Thy hand directing every step they go.

When through the vale of death they leave this land,
That vale where all seems dark and chilly night—
Thou wilt conduct them with thine own right hand,
And even gild the vale of death with light!

EDMESTON.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

“And in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto them,
walking on the sea.”—*Matt.* xiv. 25.

UPON the world's tempestuous sea,
The Christian bark is often tost,
But though the billows mountains be,
It never can at last be lost.
Though none appear at hand to save,
Jesus Himself amidst the night
Will walk upon the raging wave,
And lull the storm, and bring the light.

Sorrows of many kinds may roll,
In wave-succeeding wave along,
And unbelief may fright the soul
With rocks concealed and currents strong;

But not a single blast can rise,
 And not a single billow swell,
 But by His power, who, good and wise,
 Permits it, and does all things well.

While to our heavenly home we sail,
 We sometimes need the tempest's force;
 Perpetual sun and calm would fail
 To drive us onward in our course.
 He who rules all things by His arm,
 Knows and administers the best,
 And we shall praise for seeming harm,
 When we have entered into rest.

EDMESTON.

CHRISTIAN SECURITY.

"Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died."—
Rom. viii. 34.

Who can condemn? for, Jesus died,
 And we in Him are justified;
 He died—nay, rather ever lives,
 And needful grace and guidance gives.

He lives with God to intercede,
 To succour us in time of need;
 His eyes our painful paths survey,
 And watch our footsteps lest we stray.

What can from Him our souls divide?
 Not trouble, time, nor distance wide;
 Not things below, nor things above,
 Nor death can part us from His love.

The cross on earth, the crown in heaven,
 Are to the Saviour's followers given;
 Christ rose, and ever reigns, that we,
 With Christ shall reign-triumphantly.

EDMESTON.

PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
 Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Zion, mourn!
 Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
 Where the wild desert rears the craggy stone?
 While sons unblest their angry lustre fling,
 And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
 Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
 Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
 No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
 No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
 No prophet-bards, thy glittering courts among,
 Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
 But lawless Force, and meagre Want, are there,
 And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
 While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
 Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
 And heroes lift the generous sword in vain,
 Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
 And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
 Yet shall she rise:—but not by war restored,
 Not built in murder,—planted by the sword.

Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise : thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made ;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing !
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn :
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perchance, wide waving o'er the land,
The mighty angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower,
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from His destined reign.
And who is He ? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandalled with the storm ?
A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
To highest heaven He lifts His kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land ;
And, hark ! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more !
Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare ;
Lo ! thrones arise, and every saint is there ;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey ;
Nor sun nor moon they need—nor day nor night ;
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light :
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home !

On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
 And the dry bones be warmed with life again.
 Hark! white-robed crowds their deep "hosannahs" raise,
 And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
 Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
 Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong;
 "Worthy the Lamb, omnipotent to save,
 Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"
 HEBER.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall!
 Angels adore Him with slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would His favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

HEBER.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

THE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And withering from the vaults of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come ! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came ;
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary Man, and full of woes !

The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath, and robes of storm ;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind !

Can this be He, who wont to stray
As pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified ?

While sinners in despair shall call,
“ Rocks, hide us ! mountains, on us fall ! ”
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, “ The Lord is come ! ”

HEBER.

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
 The Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love was thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion forsaken,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in fear lingered long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide;
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

HEBER.

“LORD, SAVE, OR WE PERISH!”

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
 We fly to our Maker: “Save, Lord! or we perish.”

O Jesus! once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the cry of despair from thy pillow;
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries, in his anguish, "Save, Lord! or we perish."

And, oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish,—
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord! or we perish."

HEBER.

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green:
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield:
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold!
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky!
And moon and sun, in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,—
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!

HEBER.

CONFLICT.

"Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for
thine enemy?"—*Job*, xiii. 24.

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sunshine of thy soul-enlivening eye?

Without that light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my Life, my Way, my Light; in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my Life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths; thou art my Way;
Without Thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My Light thou art; without thy glorious sight
Mine eyes are darkened with perpetual night;
My God, thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

Thou art my Way; I wander, if thou fly:
Thou art my Light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my Life; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see;
To whom, or whither, should my darkness flee,
But to the Light? And who's that Light but thee?

My path is lost, my wandering steps do stray;
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay;
Whom should I seek but thee, my Path, my Way?

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
Lord! shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray?

Thou art the pilgrim's Path ; the blind man's Eye ;
 The dead man's Life ; on thee my hopes rely :
 If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die !

Disclose thy sunbeams, close thy wings, and stay :
 See, see ! how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
 O Thou that art my Light, my Life, my Way !

QUARLES.

“ Enter not into judgment with thy servant ; for in thy sight shall no
 man living be justified.”— *Ps. cxliii. 2.*

JESUS. JUSTICE. SINNER.

Jesus. Bring forth the prisoner, Justice.

Justice.

Thy commands

Are done, just Judge : see, here the prisoner stands.

Jesus. What has the prisoner done ? Say, what's the cause
 Of his commitment ?

Justice.

He hath broke the laws
 Of his too-gracious God ; conspired the death
 Of that great Majesty that gave him breath ;
 And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.

Jesus. How knowest thou this ?

Justice.

E'en by his own confession :

His sins are crying ; and they cry'd aloud :
 They cry'd to Heaven ; they cry'd to Heaven for blood.

Jesus. What say'st thou, Sinner ? Hast thou aught to plead
 That sentence should not pass ? Hold up thy head,
 And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.

Sinner. Ah me ! I dare not : I'm too vile and base
 To tread upon the earth, much more to lift

Mine eyes to heaven : I need no other shrift
 Than my own conscience : Lord, I must confess
 I am no more than dust, and no whit less
 Than my indictment styles me. Ah ! if thou
 Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
 What flesh can stand ? I have transgressed thy laws ;
 My merits plead thy vengeance ; not my cause.

Justice. Lord ! shall I strike the blow ?

Jesus.

Hold, Justice, stay :

Sinner, speak on ; what hast thou more to say ?

Sinner. Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr'd,
 I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
 Stamped with thy glorious image, and at first
 Most like to thee, though now a poor, accurst,
 Convicted caitiff, and degenerate creature,
 Here trembling at thy bar.

Justice. The fault's the greater,
 Lord ! shall I strike the blow ?

Jesus.

Hold, Justice, stay :

Speak, sinner ; hast thou nothing more to say ?

Sinner. Nothing but Mercy, mercy ! Lord, my state
 Is miserably poor and desperate ;
 I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee
 From Lord to Jesus, from thyself to thee !

Justice. Cease thy vain hopes ; my angry God has vowed,
 Abused mercy must have blood for blood :
 Shall I yet strike the blow ?

Jesus.

Stay, Justice, hold ;

My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
 To view the trembling wretch ; methinks I spy
 My Father's image in the prisoner's eye.

Justice. I cannot hold.

Jesus. Then turn thy thirsty blade
 Into my sides; let there the wound be made:
 Cheer up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine;
 My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.

Sinner. O groundless deeps! O love beyond degree!
 The offended dies to set the offender free!

QUARLES.

THE HEAVENLY COURTS.

“How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!”—*Ps. lxxxiv. 1.*

“ANCIENT of Days!” to whom all times are now,
 Before whose glory seraphims do bow
 Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemished faces;
 That, uncontained, at once does fill all places;
 How glorious, O how far beyond the height
 Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceit
 Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
 Of mortal tongues, are thy expressless courts!
 Whose glory to paint forth with greater art,
 Ravish my fancy and inspire my heart;
 Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
 For showing Sense what Faith alone should see.
 Ten thousand millions and ten thousand more,
 Of angel-measured leagues from the eastern shore,
 Of dungeon-earth this glorious palace stands,
 Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
 Of armed angels wait, to entertain
 Those purged souls for whom the Lamb was slain;
 Whose guiltless death, and voluntary yielding
 Of whose given life, gave this brave court her building:

The precious blood of this dear Lamb being spilt,
To rubies turned, whereof her posts were built ;
And what dropped down in cold and gelid gore,
Did turn rich sapphires, and impaved her floor :
The brighter flames, which from His eye-balls rayed,
Grew chrysolites, whereof her walls were made :
The milder glances sparkled on the ground,
And groundselled every door with diamond ;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of purest sardonyx.
Her streets with burnished gold are paved round ;
Stars lie like pebbles scattered on the ground :
Pearl, mixed with onyx, and the jasper stone,
Made gravelled causeways to be trampled on.
There shines no sun by day, no moon by night ;
The palace glory is the palace light !
There is no time to measure motion by,
There time is swallowed with eternity,
And simple love, and sempiternal joys,
Whose sweetness never gluts, nor fulness cloy ;
Where, face to face, our ravished eye shall see
Great Elohim, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and, seeing Him, shall bless Him,
And, blessing, love Him ; and in love possess Him.
Here, stay, my soul, and ravish in relation ;
Thy words being spent, spend now in contemplation.

QUARLES.

DESIRE.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul
after thee, O God."—*Ps. xlii. 1.*

How shall my tongue express that hallowed fire
Which Heaven hath kindled in my ravished heart?
What muse shall I invoke that will inspire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part?
What art shall I devise to express desire
Too intricate to be expressed by art?
Let all the Nine be silent; I refuse
Their aid in this high task, for they abuse
The flames of love too much; assist me David's Muse.

Not as the thirsty soil desires soft showers
To quicken and refresh her embryo grain,
Nor as the drooping crests of fading flowers
Request the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I desire my God: these in few hours
Re-wish what late their wishes did obtain;
But as the swift-foot hart doth, wounded, fly
To the much-desired streams, even so do I
Pant after thee, my God! whom I must find, or die.

QUARLES.

THE BELIEVER.

With aspect mild and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life
(Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,)
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.

Earth's genuine sons, the scepter'd, and the slave,
 A mingled mob ! a wandering herd ! he sees,
 Bewildered in the vale ; in all unlike !
 His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?
 What stronger demonstration of the right ?
 The present all their care ; the future, his.
 He sees with other eyes than theirs : where they
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity :
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
 When they see mountains, he but atoms sees ;
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
 They things terrestrial worship, as divine :
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all bound.
 Their no-joys end, where his full feast begins ;
 His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
 To triumph in existence, his alone ;
 And his alone, triumphantly to think
 His true existence is not yet begun.
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete :
 Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.

YOUNG.

LIFE AND ETERNITY.

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule.
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
 Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,

And make us embryos of existence free.
Yet man, fool man, here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by Heaven
To fly at Infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the Just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and change, and death expire.
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured, or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself.
How was my heart encrusted by the world!
O, how self-fettered was my grovelling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darkened reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor could put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!

Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys!
Joy behind joy! in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting, I woke, and found myself undone!
Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture,
The cobwebbed cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.

YOUNG.

THE POWER OF GOD INFINITE.

CAN man conceive beyond what God can do?
Nothing, but quite impossible, is hard;
He summons into being, with like ease,
A whole creation, and a single grain.
Speaks He the word? a thousand worlds are born!—
A thousand worlds! there's space for millions more;
And in what space can His great fiat fail?
Still seems my thought enormous? Think again;—
Experience self shall aid thy lame belief;
Glasses (that revelation to the sight!),

Have they not led us deep in the disclose
Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small;
And, though demonstrated, still ill conceived?
If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation poize?
Stupendous Architect! thou, thou art all!
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still!
"I AM," thy Name! existence! all thy own!

YOUNG.

REGULARITY OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

NOR think thou seest a wild disorder here;
Through this illustrious chaos, to the sight,
Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
The path prescribed, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind:
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
They rove for ever, without error rove:
Confusion unconfused! nor less admire
This tumult untumultuous: all on wing,
In motion all! yet what profound repose!
What fervid action! yet no noise! as awed
To silence by the presence of their Lord;
Or hushed, by His command, in love to man,
And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
In exultation to their God and thine,
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,

Eternal celebration of His praise :
But, since their song arrives not at our ear,
Their dance perplexed exhibits to the sight
Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless power ;
Mark, how, the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cipher of Omnipotence !

YOUNG.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Oh, may I breathe no longer than I breathe
My soul in praise to Him who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of hell, great love ! by Thee !
Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should end ?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause !
How is night's sable mantle laboured o'er,
How richly wrought, with attributes divine !
What wisdom shines ! what love ! this midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid,
Built with divine ambition, nought to thee :
For others this profusion : thou apart,
Above, beyond ! Oh, tell me, mighty mind,
Where art thou ? Shall I dive into the deep ?
Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds,
For their Creator ? Shall I question loud
The thunder, if in that the Almighty dwells ?
Or holds He furious storms in straitened reins,
And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel His rapid car ?
What mean these questions ? trembling I retract ;

My prostrate soul adores the present God;
Praise I a distant Deity? He tunes
My voice (if tuned), the nerve, that writes, sustains;
Wrapt in His being, I resound His praise:
But though past all diffused, without a shore,
His essence: local is His throne (as meet),
To gather the disperst, to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since finite every nature, but His own.
The nameless He, whose nod is nature's birth,
And nature's shield, the shadow of His hand;
Her dissolution, His suspended smile;
The Great First last! pavilioned high He sits
In darkness, from excessive splendour born;
His glory, to created glory, bright
As that, to central horrors; He looks down
On all that soars; and spans immensity.

Young.

MISTRUST REPROVED.

Matt. vi. 26-34.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep felt His doctrine did impart,
And thus He raised from earth the drooping heart:
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;

Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears ;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?
And the fair body its investing weed ?
Behold ! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air ;
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song ;
Yet your kind Heavenly Father bends His eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To Him they sing when spring renews the plain,
To Him they cry in winter's pinching rain ;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain ;
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race ;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !
What regal vestments can with them compare ?
What king so shining ? or what queen so fair ?
If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven He feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spreads,
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say ?
Is He unwise ? or are ye less than they ?

THOMSON.

FALL OF AN AVALANCHE.

• AMONG those hilly regions where, embraced
In peaceful vales, the happy Grisons dwell;
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud thundering down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelmed.

THOMSON.

AN AUTUMNAL DAY.

HENCE every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm and high,
Infinite splendour! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply tinged
With a peculiar blue, the ethereal arch
How swelled immense! amid whose azure throned
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest treasures all
Now gathered in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant winter's utmost rage defied.

THOMSON.

FROM THOMSON'S "SPRING."

HAIL, Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth; Essential Presence, hail!
To thee I bend the knee; to thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touched.
By thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By thee disposed into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tribe; a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerable-coloured scene of things.

FROM THOMSON'S "SUMMER."

WITH what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the wondrous planets launched along
The illimitable void! thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their laboured monuments, away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course;
To the kind-tempered change of night and day,

And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: such the all-perfect Hand
That poised, impels, and rules, the steady whole.
When now no more the alternate Twins are fired,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And, soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White breaks the clouds away. With quickened step,
Brown Night retires; young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward: while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

ENGLAND.

SEE! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty, abroad
Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatched thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquelled
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleased and unwearied in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the sons of Art;
And trade and joy in every busy street,
Mingling, are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he toils, or dusty hews
The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

4

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth
By hardship sinewed, and by danger fired,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside.

Thy sons of Glory many. Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when governed well,
Combine; whose hallowed name the Virtues saint,
And his own muses love; the best of kings.
With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impressed
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flamed thy spirit high. But who can speak
The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mixed;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain; whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burned.
Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign
The warrior fettered, and at last resigned,
To please the vengeance of a vanquished foe.
Then, active still, and unrestrained, his mind
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enriched the world;

Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,
In which he conquered, and in which he bled.
Nor can the muse the gallant Sydney pass,
The plume of war; with early laurels crowned,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemmed the torrent of a downward age,
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russell lies; whose tempered blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resigned,
Stained the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius, fearless bled;
Of high determined spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to the enlightened love
Of ancient freedom warmed. Fair thy renown
In mighty sages and in noble bards;
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,
Amid the dark recesses of His works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton speak thy fame in all philosophy.
Is not each great, each amiable muse
Of classic ages, in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme;

Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son ;
Who, like a copious river, poured his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coast, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou by whose Almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth thy saving blessings round the land,
In bright Patrol.

THOMSON.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;

And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful thou, with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled.
Majestic darkness, on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude, unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty Hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,

In adoration join ; and ardent raise
One general song. To Him, ye vocal gales
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes;
Oh ! talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to Heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend ; ye harvests, wave to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world,

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and where the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should He command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun


Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable :
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise !
THOMSON.

PROVIDENCE.

THERE is a power
Unseen, that rules the illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould ;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, which God alone can teach,
Hast thou yet learnt, when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Is more sufficient for itself than thou ?
THOMSON.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE PELICAN ISLAND."

SIGHT could not trace their evanescent changes,
Nor comprehend their motions ; till minute
And curious observation caught the clue
To this live labyrinth, where every one
By instinct taught, performed its little task, —
To build its dwelling and its sepulchre
From its own essence exquisitely modelled ;
There breed and die, and leave a progeny,
Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,
To frame new cells and tombs ; then breed and die,
As all their ancestors had done, and rest
Hermetically sealed, each on its shrine
A statue in this temple of oblivion !
Millions of millions, thus from age to age,
With simplest skill and toil unwearable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace, terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mount
By marvellous structure, climbing towards the day,
Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,
Unconscious, not unworthy instruments,
By which a Hand invisible was rearing
A new creation in the secret deep.
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them.
Hence, what Omnipotence alone could do,
Worms did ! I saw the living pile ascend
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labours closed,
Slime the material, — but the slime was turned



To adamant by their petrific touch, —
 Frail were their frames — ephemeral their lives —
 Their masonry imperishable. All
 Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,
 By nice economy of Providence
 Were overruled to carry on the process,
 Which out of water brought forth solid rock.

* * * * *

A coral island, stretching east and west,
 In God's own language, to its parent saying,
 Thus far, nor farther shalt thou go, and here
 Shall thy proud waves be stayed.

* * * * *

A sea-lake rose amidst the fossil isle,
 Reflecting in its ring its cliffs and caverns,
 With heaven itself seen like a lake below.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
 Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,
 Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled;
 Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
 And moved at will along the yielding water.
 The native pilot of this little bark
 Put out a tier of oars on either side,
 Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,
 And mounted up and glided down the billow
 In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
 And wander in the luxury of light.
 Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
 To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,

My fellow-being, like myself alive.
Entranced in contemplation, vague yet sweet,
I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

It closed, sank, dwindled to a point, then nothing;
While the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy,
Through which mine eyes still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air,—
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long, light wings, that flung a diamond shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure, on the surge
A shoal of dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen.
While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
As though the conscious colours came and went
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes,—
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

J. MONTGOMERY.

GREENLAND.

THE moon is watching in the sky ; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars ;
Ocean outstretched with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance.
The tide, o'er which no troubling tempests breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath,
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear ;
A double image pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep ;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west,
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.
Hark ! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air !
No ! 'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck, where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a brighter flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand : their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies ;
And, 'midst the song that seraph minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal King,
These simple strains,—which erst Bohemian hills
Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills,
Now heard from Shetland's azure bound, are known

In heaven; and He who sits upon the throne
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour
When, by the Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost North to Him shall bow the knee.
Some won by love, from the wild savage race,
Shall kiss the conquering sceptre of His grace.
Then to His eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a group more happy than those three
Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea?
Or to His ear, that gathers, in one sound,
The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise,
Than the faint notes His poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure, as leaning on their Master's breast?

They sleep: but memory wakes; and dreams array
Night in a lively masquerade of day;
The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind;
One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
That tears in slumber swell the unconscious eye;
The other opens, with prophetic view,
Perils which e'en their fathers never knew
(Though schooled by suffering, long inured to toil,
Outcasts and exiles from their native soil);
Strange scenes; strange men; untold, untried distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness;
Diseases; death in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts, and wilder men,—unmoved with fear,

Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
To God's redeemed—saved from eternal woe:
Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus to live is Christ, to die is gain.

'Tis morn; the bathing moon her lustre shrouds;
Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds,
That spans the ocean; while the infant dawn
Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,
That ruffled by an April gale appears,
Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,
Dark purple as the moorland heath—when rain
Hangs in low vapours o'er the autumnal plain:
Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood,
Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood;
But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
The lambent billows play in forms of fire.
Where is the vessel? Shining through the light,
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
Through refluxent foam and iridescent spray.

J. MONTGOMERY.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

“Glory to God in the highest.”—*Luke*, ii. 14.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the "Prince of Peace" was born,
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. MONTGOMERY.


THE CHRISTIAN ISRAEL.

THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far, thou, Lord, our steps hast led,
Safe from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharm'd, though floods hung o'er our head;
Here then, we pause, look back, adore,
Like ransomed Israel from the shore.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
As all our fathers in their day,
We to a land of promise go,
Lord! by thine own appointed way:
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

Protect us through this wilderness,
From serpent plague, and hostile rage;
With bread from heaven our table bless,
With living streams our thirst assuage;
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but thine.

Thy presence with us, move or rest;
And as the eagle o'er her brood
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly;
Thus, thus, prepare us for the sky.



When we have numbered all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with human fears,
Oh! let not then the spirit shrink,
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream, to rise above.

J. MONTGOMERY.

NATURE.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all His works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom planned;
'Twas He who girded like a robe
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither His path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens—the mountains stand
A highway for their God;
He walks amidst the desert land,—
'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in His strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds His herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds,
O could we catch their strains! —

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light;
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night!

In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze His Spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found!

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE THREE MOUNTAINS.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

When in ecstasy sublime
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh, made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

Here I would for ever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away ;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary !

J. MONTGOMERY.

HALLELUJAH.

HARK ! the song of Jubilee ;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore ;
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See ! Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword ; He speaks, 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son :
He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away,
Then the end ; — beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ our God,
God in Christ — our All in All !

J. MONTGOMERY.

GOD'S OVERRULING PROVIDENCE.

BOUND in the links of that ethereal Chain
Which upward, from the insect's tiny pulse
On earth that throbs, to yonder wheeling orbs
Enormous, its unbroken coil extends,
Are all things by the hand Almighty held.
And thus, what chance to vulgar sense appears,
Is veil'd Causation, and confirm'd Decree.
Nature herself, through each organic change
And form, or function, is but Will supreme,
In might or beauty, marching to result

Predestined ; not an atom is consumed,
 No leaf can vibrate, not a billow laugh,
 Nor wild breeze flutter on its airy wing,—
 But God o'errules it, with control as nice
 As that which belts the planets with a zone
 Of harmony, and binds the stars with law.
 But though mere Chaos to an eye unpurged
 By rays extracted from Essential Light
 (E'en by the Spirit's), life's convulsive scene
 Too often looks,—not thus, to them who read
 The world's great volume, by explaining beams
 From Scripture darted, does the map of time
 Appear. For then, disorder is but plan,
 Divinely working by arranged degrees ;
 Upward and onward, into Truth evolved
 Through the long maze of labyrinthine wills
 And human actions.

R. MONTGOMERY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE POEM,
 OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

THOU, Uncreate, Unseen, and Undefined,
 Source of all life, and Fountain of the mind ;
 Pervading Spirit, whom no eye can trace,
 Felt through all time, and working in all space,
 Imagination cannot paint that spot,
 Around, above, beneath, where thou art not.
 Before the glad stars hymned the new-born earth,
 Or young creation revelled in its birth,

Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchained the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade time's majestic wings to be unfurled,
And out of darkness drew the breathing world.

Primeval Power ! before thy thunder rang,
And nature from Eternity outsprang !
Ere matter formed at thy creative tone,
Thou wert, Almighty, Endless, and Alone ;
In thine own essence, all that was to be,—
Sublime, unfathomable Deity :
Thou saidst —and lo ! a universe was born,
And light flashed from thee, for her birthday morn !
The earth unshrouded all her beauty now ;
The monarch mountain bared his awful brow,
Flowers, fruits, and trees, felt instantaneous life,—
But, hark ! Creation trembles with the strife,
Of roaring waves in wild commotion hurled —
'Tis ocean winding round the rocking world !
And next, triumphant o'er the green-clad earth,
The universal sun burst into birth,
And dashed from off his altitude sublime
The first dread ray that marked commencing time !
Last came the moon, upon the wings of light,
And sat in glory on the throne of night ;
While fierce and fresh, a radiant host of stars
Wheeled round the heavens on their burning cars !
But all was dismal as a world of dead,
Till the great deep her living swarms outspread :
Forth from her teeming bosom, sudden came
Immingled monsters,— mighty, without name :
Then plummy tribes winged into being there,
And played their gleamy pinions on the air,

Till thick as dews upon a twilight green,
 Earth's living creatures rose upon the scene !
 Creation's master-piece, a breath of God,
 Ray of His glory, quickened at His nod,
 Immortal man came next, divinely grand,
 Glorious and perfect from his Maker's hand.
 And now the gorgeous universe was rife,
 Full, fair, and glowing with created life ;
 And when the Eternal, from His starry height,
 Beheld the young world basking in His light,
 And breathing incense of deep gratitude,
 He blessed it—for His Wisdom made it good.

* * * * *

A thunder-storm,—the eloquence of heaven,
 When every cloud is from its slumber riven,
 Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
 And felt Omnipotence around him thrown ?
 With what a gloom the ushering scene appears !
 The leaves all fluttering with instinctive fears,
 The waters curling with a fellow dread,
 A breezeless fervour round creation spread,
 And last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
 With big drops pattering on the tree and bower,
 While wondrous shapes the bowing sky deform,—
 All mark the coming of the thunder-storm !
 Oh ! now to be alone on some still height,
 Where heaven's black curtains shadow all the sight,
 And watch the swollen clouds their bosoms clash,
 While fleet and far the living lightnings flash,—
 To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
 The furnace-flames that in their wombs repose,

And see the fiery arrows fall and rise,
 In dizzy chase along the rattling skies.—
 How stirs the spirit while the echoes roll,
 And God, in thunder, rocks from pole to pole!
 Tremendous art thou! in thy tempest ire,
 When the mad surges to the clouds respire,
 And like new Apennines from out the sea,
 Thy waves march on in mountain majesty!
 We hear thee in the wind-heaved ocean's roar,
 Hurling her billowy crags upon the shore;
 We hear thee in the riot of the blast,
 And shake, while rush the raving whirlwinds past!
 But not alone, when waves and whirlwinds rise,
 And wing their voices through the startled skies;
 Not in the storm, the thunder, or the sea,
 Alone, we feel thy dread Ubiquity:
 In calmer scenes, and the unruffled hour,
 Our stilled hearts own thine Omnipresent power.

* * * * * *

Stupendous God! how shrinks our bounded sense,
 To track the triumphs of Omnipotence;
 From the dread mountain to the deepest den,
 From the mean insects to immortal men;
 Blessed with thy brightest smile, dare we confine
 Paternal Providence, supreme as thine?
 Far as the thought can fly, or life-stream flow,
 From Georgia's deserts to the Greenland snow,
 Where space exists, thine eyes of mercy see,—
 Creation lives, and moves, and breathes in thee!
 Yes! pause and think, within one fleeting hour,
 How vast a universe obeys thy power;

Unseen, but felt, thine interfused control
Works in each atom, and pervades the whole ;
Expands the blossom, and erects the tree,
Conducts each vapour, and commands each sea,
Beams in each ray, bids whirlwinds be unfurled,
Unrolls the thunder, and upheaves a world !
E'en now, when awful midnight walks the land,
And spreads the wings of darkness with her wand,
What scenes are witnessed by thy watchful eye !
What millions waft to thee the prayer and sigh !
Some gaily vanish to an unfeared grave,
Fleet as the sun-flash o'er a summer wave ;
Some wear out life in smiles, and some in tears,
Some dare with hope, while others droop with fears ;
The vagrant roaming in his tattered vest,
The infant sleeping on the mother's breast ;
The captive muttering o'er his rust-worn chain,
The widow weeping for her lord again.
While many a mourner shuts his languid eye,
To dream of heaven, and view it ere he die ;
And yet, no sigh can swell, no tear-drop fall,
But thou dost see, and guide, and govern all !

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE DEATH-BED OF RUTHERFORD.

" Mr. Rutherford was for some years Minister of Anworth, but in 1636 he was sentenced to be deprived of his Ministry; he was in confinement in Aberdeen till the year 1638, when he returned to his flock: he died in 1661, when he was on the point of being apprehended, for the testimony of Jesus."

TREAD lightly through the darkened room, for a sick man lieth
there,
And 'mid the dimness only stirs the whispered breath of prayer,
As anxious hearts take watch by turns beside the lowly bed,
Where sleep the awful stillness wears that soon must wrap the
dead.

Hours hath he known of fevered pain; but now his rest is
calm,
As though upon the spirit worn, distilled some healing balm;
It may be that his dreaming ear wakes old accustomed words,
Or drinks once more the matin song of Anworth's "blessed
birds."

Oh! green and fresh upon his soul those early haunts arise,
His kirk! his home! his wild-wood walk! with all their
memories;
The very rushing of the burn by which he often trod,
The while on eagle wings of faith his spirit met its God.

A smile hath brightened on his lip,—a light around his brow;
Oh! surely "words unspeakable" that dreamer listeth now;
And glories of the upper sky his raptured senses steep,
Blent with the whispers of His love who gives His loved ones
sleep.

But hark! a sound! a tramp of horse! a loud, harsh, wrangling din!

Oh! rudely on that dream of heaven this world hath broken in,
In vain affection's earnest plea—the intruders forward press,
And with a struggling spasm of pain, he wakes to consciousness!

Strange lights are gleaming through the room,—strange forms
are round his bed;

Slowly his dazzled sense takes in each shape and sound of dread.
“False to thy country's honoured laws, and to thy sovereign
lord,

I summon thee to meet thy doom, thou traitor Rutherford!”

Feebly the sick man raised his hand,—his hand so thin and
pale,

And something in the hollow eye made that rude speaker quail:
“Man! thou hast sped thy errand well!—yet is it wasted
breath,

Except the great ones of the earth can break my tryst with
death.

A few brief days, or briefer hours, and I am going home,
Unto mine own prepared place, where but few great ones
come!

Unto the judgment-seat of Him who sealed me with His seal;
Against evil tongues and evil men, I make my last appeal!

A traitor was His name on earth!—a felon's doom His fate,
Thrice welcome were my Master's cup! but it hath come too
late.

The summons of that mightiest King, to whom all kings must
bow,

Is on me for an earlier day,—is on me even now!

I hear! I hear! the chariot-wheels that bring my Saviour
 nigh;
 For me He bears a golden crown,—a harp of melody;
 For me He opens wide His arms,—He shews His wounded
 side;
 Lord! 'tis my passport into life! I live, for thou hast died!"

They give his writings to the flames, they brand his grave
 with shame;
 A hissing in the mouth of fools becomes his honoured name,—
 And darkness wraps awhile the land for which he prayed and
 strove,
 But blessed in the Lord his death,—and blest his rest above.

HISLOP.

PEDEN AT THE GRAVE OF CAMERON.

"To this spot did Peden, one of Cameron's dearest friends, repair: harassed and vexed with personal sufferings, he sat down by the grave, and, meekly raising his eyes to heaven, prayed — 'O to be wi' Richie!'"

A SOUND of conflict on the moss! but that hath passed away,
 And through a stormy noon and eve the dead unburied lay;
 But when the sun a second time his fitful splendours gave,
 One short ray rested, like a hope, on Cameron's new-made
 grave.

There had been watchers in the night! strange watchers, gaunt
 and grim,
 And wearily, with faint, lean hands, they toiled a grave for
 him;
 But ere they laid the headless limbs unto their mangled rest,
 As orphan'd children sat they down, and wept upon his breast.


! dreary, dreary, was the lot of Scotland's true ones then —
 amine-stricken remnant, wearing scarce the guise of men ;
 ay burrowed few and lonely 'mid the chill, dank mountain
 caves,
 those who once had sheltered them were in their martyr-
 graves.

word had rested on the land ! it did not pass away ;
 ig had they watched and waited, but there dawned no
 brighter day !
 d many had gone back from them who owned the truth of
 old ;
 ause of much iniquity their love was waxen cold.

ere came a worn and weary man to Cameron's place of rest,
 cast him down upon the sod — he smote upon his breast —
 wept, as only strong men weep, when weep they must or
 die,
 d " O to be wi' thee, Richie ! " was still his bitter cry.

fy brother ! O my brother ! thou hast passed before thy time,
 d thy blood it cries for vengeance, from this purple land of
 crime.
 io now shall break the bread of life unto the faithful band ?
 io now upraise the standard that is shattered in their hand ?

is ! alas for Scotland ! the once beloved of Heaven !
 e crown is fallen from her head, her holy garment riven !
 e ashes of her Covenant are scattered far and near,
 d the voice speaks loud in judgment which in love she
 would not hear !



Alas ! alas for Scotland ! for her mighty ones are gone ;
Thou, brother, thou art taken—I am left almost alone ;
And my heart is faint within me, and my strength is dried and
lost—

A feeble and an aged man alone against a host !

Oh, pleasant was it, Richie, when we two could counsel take
And strengthen one another to be valiant for His sake ;
Now seems it as the sap were dried from the old blasted tree,
And the homeless and the friendless would fain lie down with
thee !

It was an hour of weakness, as the old man bowed his head,
And a bitter anguish rent him as he communed with the dead !
It was an hour of conflict, and he groaned beneath the rod,
But the burthen rolled from off him as he communed with his
God.

My Father ! O my Father ! shall I pray the Tishbite's prayer ?
And weary in the wilderness while thou wouldst keep me
there ?

And shall I fear the coward fear, of standing all alone,
To testify for Zion's King, and the glory of His throne ?

O Jesus ! blessed Jesus ! I am poor, and frail, and weak ;
Let me not utter of mine own, for idle words I speak !
But give me grace to wrestle now, and prompt my faltering
tongue,
And breathe thy Name into my soul, and so I shall be strong !

I bless thee for the quiet rest thy servant taketh now ;
I bless thee for his blessedness, and for his crowned brow ;
For every weary step he trod in following after thee,
And for the good fight foughten well, and closed right valiantly !

ess thee for the hidden ones who yet uphold thy name,
o yet for Zion's King and Crown shall dare the death of
shame;

ess thee for the light that dawns even now upon my soul,
l brightens all the narrow way with glory from the goal!

hour and power of darkness it is fleeting fast away—
ht shall arise in Scotland—a glorious Gospel day!
e! woe to the opposers! they shall shrivel in His hand;
r King shall yet return to thee, thou covenanted land!

e a time of respite,—but the people will not bow;
e a time of judgment—even a darker time than now!
n, Lord, uphold thy faithful ones, as now thou dost uphold!
l feed them, as thou hast fed thy chosen flock of old.

glory! O the glory! it is bursting on my sight;
d! thy poor vessel is too frail for all this blinding light!
w let thy good word be fulfilled, and let thy kingdom come,
l, Lord, even in thine own best time, take thy poor servant
home!"

on the wild and lone Airsmoss down sank the twilight
grey—
storm and cloud the evening closed upon that cheerless day;
; Peden went his way refreshed, for peace and joy were
given,
d Cameron's grave had proved to him the very gate of
heaven!

HISLOP.

THE DREAM.

Richard Cameron fell at the skirmish at Airmoss, on the 22d of July, 1680. Bruce of Earlsball, with a company of troopers, surprised him and his party in the moss. A conflict speedily ensued, before the commencement of which Cameron several times uttered this emphatic prayer,—“Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe!” Nine of the Covenanters fell, among whom were Richard Cameron and his brother Michael: they were all buried in the moss.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the Muirlands of mist, where the blest martyrs lay;
There Cameron's sword and Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone, where the heather grows green.
'Twas a dream of the ages of darkness and blood,
When the ministers' homes were the mountains and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying:
It was morning, and summer's bright sun from the east
Lay in lovely repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened sheen 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers
blue;
And far up in heaven, in the clear shining cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud:
And in Glenmuir's dark solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and the bleating of sheep;
And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed nothing but gladness;
The first meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;

Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of bright July's green morning.
But, ah! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank nought from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.
'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins seen through the thin misty covering.
Their faces were pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes raised to heaven, in meek resignation,
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.
The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
While the hosts of the ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.
Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes shot lightning, as, proud and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the lightning is rending.
The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming;
The heavens were dark, and the thunder was rolling,
While in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were falling;
When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended,
Its attendants were angels, and cherubs of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness;
A seraph unfolded the doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining:

And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.
On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding,
“Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory !”

HISLOP.

THE SONG OF HEAVEN DESIRED BY
SAINTS ON EARTH.

AURORA veils her rosy face,
When brighter Phœbus takes her place ;
So, glad will grace resign her room
To glory in the heavenly home.

Happy the company now gone
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne ;
How loud they sing upon the shore,
To which they sailed in heart before !

Bless'd are the dead, yea, saith the Word,
That die in Christ, the living Lord,
And on the other side of death,
Thus joyful spend their praising breath.

“Death from all death has set us free,
And will our gain for ever be ;
Death loosed the massy chains of woe,
To let the mournful captives go.

Death is to us a sweet repose,
The bud was oped to show the rose ;
The cage was burst to let us fly,
And build our happy nest on high.

Lo ! here we do triumphant reign,
And joyful sing in lofty strain,
Lo ! here we rest, and love to be,
Enjoying more than faith could see.

The thousandth part we now behold,
By mortal tongues was never told :
We got a taste, but now above
We forage in the fields of love.

Faith once stole down a distant kiss ;
Now love cleaves to the cheek of bliss :
Beyond the fears of more mishap,
We gladly rest in glory's lap.

Earth was to us a seat of war ;
In thrones of glory now we are.
We longed to see our Jesus dear,
And sought Him there, but find Him here.

We walk in white without annoy,
In glorious galleries of joy ;
And crowned with everlasting bays,
We rival cherubs in their praise.

No longer we complain of wants,
We see the glorious ' King of Saints,'
Amidst His joyful hosts around,
With all the divine glory crown'd.

We see Him at His table-head
With living water, living bread,
His cheerful guests incessant load,
With all the plenitude of God.

We see the holy-flaming fires,
Cherubic and seraphic choirs;
And gladly join with those on high
To warble praise eternally.

Glory to God that here we came,
And glory to the glorious Lamb:
Our Light, our Life, our Joy, our all,
Is in our arms, and ever shall.

Our Lord is ours, and we are His,
Yea, now we see Him as He is:
And hence we like unto Him are,
And full His glorious image share.

No darkness now, no dismal night;
No vapour intercepts the light;
We see for ever face to face
The highest Prince in highest place.

This, this does heav'n enough afford,
We are for ever with the Lord;
We want no more, for all is given;
His presence is the heart of heaven."

While thus I laid my listening ear
Close to the door of heaven to hear:
And then the sacred page did view,
Which told me all I heard was true.

Yet showed me that the heavenly song
 Surpasses ev'ry mortal tongue,
 With such unutterable strains
 As none in fett'ring flesh attains :

Then said I, "Oh, to mount away,
 And leave this heavy clog of clay!
 Let wings of time more quickly fly,
 That I may join the songs on high."

ERSKINE.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

SAY, is the Question on thy heart engraved,
 "What shall I do to be for ever saved?"
 Lo! here's a living Rock to build upon:
 Believe in Jesus, and on Him alone
 For righteousness and strength thine anchor drop,
 Renouncing all thy former legal hope.
 "Believe!" say'st thou; "I can no more believe
 Than keep the law of works, 'Do this and live!'"
 True, and it were thy mercy, didst thou see
 Thine utter want of all ability.
 New-covenant graces He alone can grant,
 Whom God has given to be the Covenant,—
 Even Jesus, whom the sacred letters call
 Faith's Object, Author, Finisher, and all;
 In Him alone, not in thy act of faith,
 Thy soul, believing, full salvation hath.

ERSKINE.

K

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE GRAVESTONE
OF COLIN BROWN,

LATE PROVOST OF PERTH, WHO DIED OCTOBER 17, 1741,
AGED SEVENTY-ONE YEARS.

FRIEND, do not, careless on thy road,
O'erlook this humble shrine ;
For, if thou art a friend of God,
Here lies a friend of thine.

His closet was a Bethel sweet ;
His house, a house of prayer :
In homely strains, at Jesu's feet,
He wrestled daily there.

He to the city was a guide,
And to the church a fence,
Nor could within the camp abide
When truth was banished thence.

His life and death did both express
What strength of grace was given :
His life, a lamp of holiness ;
His death, a dawn of heaven.

ERSKINE.

THE PETITION.

“Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm.”—
Song of Sol. viii. 6.

GRANT, Lord, my name engraved may be
 Upon thy heart and breast;
 And so insure thy love to me,
 My glorious God and Priest.

O set me steadfast as a seal
 Upon thine arm Divine,
 And by confirming marks reveal
 Thy mighty love is mine.

Grant, also, Lord, that love to thee
 May firmly be impressed:
 And let thy name my signet be,
 Deep stamped upon my breast.

Oh, may my heart the centre prove
 Of thy affections keen;
 Thy heart the centre of my love,
 And nought to intervene!

ERSKINE.

HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
 Where's thy seat, oh, tell me where?
 Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
 All cry out, “It is not here;”

Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies ;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

Object of my first desire,
 Jesus crucified for me !
All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in thee ;
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below ;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny ;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die :
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows ;
Peace and happiness are thine :
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

While I feel thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy ;
Here, oh, may I walk with thee,
 Then into thy presence die !
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness !
Real bliss I then shall prove ;
Heaven below, and heaven above !

TOPLADY.

THE DYING BELIEVER TO HIS SOUL.

DEATHLESS principle, arise,
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before His throne;
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless to His presence fly:
Thine the merit of His blood;
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillow bend;
Wait to watch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distrest,
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly.
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away,
Singing, to thy crown remove;
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view;
Love Divine shall bear thee through!
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

TOPLADY.

A CONTEMPLATION,

SUGGESTED BY REVELATION, VII. 9-17.

I SAW, and lo! a countless throng,
The elect of every nation, name, and tongue,
Assembled round the everlasting throne;
 With robes of white endu'd
 (The righteousness of God),
And each a palm sustained
In his victorious hand;
When thus the bright, melodious choir began;
"Salvation to thy name,
Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb,
In power, in glory, and in essence, One!"
So sang the saints; the angelic train
Second the anthem with a loud Amen.
 (These in the outer circle stood,
 The saints were nearest God);
And prostrate fall, with glory overpowered,
And hide their faces with their wings,
And thus address the King of kings:
"All hail, by thy triumphant Church adored!
Blessing, and thanks, and honour too,
Are thy supreme, thy everlasting due,
Our tri-une Sovereign, our propitious Lord!"
While I beheld the amazing sight,
A seraph pointed to the saints in white,
And told me who they were, and whence they came:
 "These are they whose lot below
 Was persecution, pain, and woe;
 These are the chosen, purchased flock,
 Who ne'er their Lord forsook:

Through His imputed merit, free from blame,
Redeemed from every sin;
And, as thou seest, whose garments were made clean,
Washed in the blood of yon exalted Lamb.
Saved by His righteousness alone,
Spotless they stand before the throne,
And in th' ethereal temple chant His praise;
Himself among them deigns to dwell,
And face to face His light reveal;
Hunger and thirst, as heretofore,
And pain, and heat, they know no more;
Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays;
Immanuel here His people feeds,
To streams of joy perennial leads,
And wipes, for ever wipes, the tears from ev'ry face."

Happy the souls released from fear,
And safely landed there!
Some of the shining number once I knew,
And travelled with them here;
(Nay, some, my elder brethren now),
Set later out for heaven; my junior saints below;
Long after me, they heard the call of grace,
Which waked them unto righteousness.
How they have got beyond!
Converted last, yet first with glory crowned!
Little, once, I thought that these
Would first the summit gain,
And leave me far behind, slow journeying through the plain
Loved while on earth; nor less beloved though gone;
Think not I envy you your crown;
No; if I could, I would not call you down.
Though slower is my pace,

To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way,
Who, now and then, lets fall a ray
Of comfort from His throne.
The shinings of His grace
Softens my passage through the wilderness,
And vines, nectareous, spring where briars grew.
The sweet unveilings of His face
Make me, at times, near half as blest as you.
O might His beauty feast my ravished eyes,
His gladdening presence ever stay,
And cheer me all my journey through !
But soon the clouds return ; my triumph dies,
Damp vapours from the valley rise,
And hide the hill at Zion from my view.
Spirit of Light, thrice-holy Dove,
Brighten my sense of interest in that love,
Which knew no birth, and never shall expire !
Electing goodness, firm and free,
My whole salvation hangs on thee,
Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity.
Redemption, grace, and glory too,
Our bliss above, and hopes below,
From her, their parent fountain, flow :
Ah, tell me, Lord, that thou hast chosen me !
Thou, who hast kindled my intense desire,
Fulfil the wish thy influence did inspire,
And let me my election know !
Then, when thy summons bids me come up higher,
Well pleased I shall from life retire,
And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now.

TOPLADY.

THE METHOD OF SALVATION.

THEE, Father, we bless,
Whose distinguishing grace
Selected a people to show forth thy praise;
Nor is thy love known
By election alone;
For, oh, thou hast added the gift of thy Son!

The goodness in vain
We attempt to explain,
Which found and accepted a ransom for men;
Great Surety of thine,
Thou didst not decline
To concur with the Father's most gracious design.

To Jesus our Friend,
Our thanks shall ascend,
Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the end;
Our ransom He paid,
In His merit arrayed
We attain to the glory for which we were made.

Sweet Spirit of grace,
Thy mercy we bless
For thy eminent share in the council of peace;
Great Agent Divine,
To restore us is thine,
And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.

O God, 'tis thy part
To convince and convert,
To give a new life, and create a new heart ;
By thy presence and grace
We're upheld in our race,
And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.

Father, Spirit, and Son,
Agree thus in One,
The salvation of those He has marked for His own.
Let us, too, agree
To glorify thee,
Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three!

TOPLADY.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. R. V.

"Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and
patience inherit the promises."—*Heb.* vi. 12.

THE crown of righteousness is given,
Our friend is landed safe in heaven ;
His warfare now accomplished is,
And face to face his Lord he sees.

For ever now redeemed from pain,
He did not run nor strive in vain ;
With triumph from his clay released,
Translated to his place of rest.

Ear hath not heard, nor eye beheld,
What to the saints is there revealed;
Blissful experience only knows
The glories of the upper house.

Far, far from all distress removed,
They know the God whom here they loved:
Temptation, sickness, grief, and care,
Shall never gain admission there.

Then let us seek, in steadfast faith,
A city that foundations hath;
Our bright, immovable abode,
Whose glorious Architect is God.

There we shall all our pain forget;
And only songs of praise repeat;
In knowledge, happiness, and love,
To all eternity improve.

There we shall as the angels shine,
The martyrs' noble army join;
And see the Lamb (thrice-blissful sight!)
Encompassed with His saints in light.

When shall we to our joy be given?
Oh, when exchange this earth for heaven?
And cast our crowns before the throne,
And worship Him that sits thereon?

When shall we hear the inviting word,
And be for ever with the Lord?
A day with Christ, in glory there,
Is better than a thousand here.

Holy and true, call in thine own,
Accomplish, Lord, their number soon;
Us to thy second coming seal,
And with thyself for ever fill!

TOPLADY.

A MORNING HYMN.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear!

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiancy Divine.
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

TOPLADY.

AN EVENING HYMN.

WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep;
A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

From evil secure and its dread
I rest, if my Saviour is nigh,
And songs His kind Presence, indeed,
Shall in the night-season supply;
He smiles, and my comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend,
And walls of Salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

Kind Author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee for my God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast helped me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast proved,
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally loved.

Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign.

Swifter than thought thy years depart,
 My verse proclaims their haste ;
 A moment nearer death thou art
 Than when you read the last.

Soon must thy earth to earth be given,
 Soon must thou disappear ;
 Say, reader, is thy heart in heaven?
 And is thy treasure there?

Like thee, the prostrate dead I viewed,
 While in the flesh detained :
 How differ we? Thou art on the road,
 I've reached my journey's end.

TOPLADY.

DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

THE daring worm, who lifts his puny arm
 Against Jehovah's sovereignty, attempts
 No less than that which hurled from heaven above
 Apostate angels to the lowest hell !
 A King, and not to reign ! preposterous thought !
 A God, and not a King ! strange Deity !
 Such are the pagan gods ! such is not mine !
 I own, adore, and love the mighty God
 Whose will controls all worlds, whose high decrees
 Fix bounds to time, and destiny to souls.
 He took my nature, guilt, and shame, unasked !
 And gave me righteousness and life, unsought !
 He bows, He melts, He hardens whom He will,
 Nor of His matters gives account to man.

IRONS.

ELECTION.

ELECTING love, the great first cause of all
 The grand displays of saving grace; the sun
 In Zion's firmament! illuminates and warms
 The hearts of all the ransomed sons of God.
 Its bright and cheering rays dispel the mists
 Of unbelief—create celestial day—
 And manifest the glory of our God.
 What condescension! God makes choice of worms
 To be His special treasure, yea, His sons:
 What matchless grace! the heirs of life and bliss
 Elected from the rebel race of man,
 And freely pardoned, justified, and saved.
 My soul aspires, with holy longing pants
 To know my interest in Jehovah's choice.
 How shall I satisfy my anxious mind?
 If God the Spirit has renewed my soul,
 Then God the Son redeemed me with His blood,
 And I am God the Father's sovereign choice.
 Let proud free-will dispute Jehovah's right
 To choose a people for His Holy name,
 And carnal minds revolt at fixed decrees:
 I'll glory in the thought, that all my peace—
 My pardon—life and joy, yea, all my hope,
 My faith, and love, flow down in sacred streams
 From this grand source, God's free electing love.
 Close up this spring, and all the streams must fail,
 And thirsty pilgrims languish, faint, and die.
 Rejoice, my soul, that no infernal power
 Can change the purpose, or revoke the choice,
 Which everlasting love has made secure.

IRONS.

ATONEMENT.

YON sacred victim, bleeding, on the brow
Of Calvary,—the spotless Lamb of God,—
Is God's appointed sacrifice for sin.
He sheds His blood, and justice asks no more;—
The hand that smites Him lets the sheep go free.
He dies! that I may never die. He lives!—
He lives! and hence I shall for ever live,
To sing for ever His atoning blood.
Millions of souls, once guilty and defiled,
Shall swell the chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb,"
Once slain in sacrifice, to ransom us;
And while His matchless glory, all unveiled,
Exceeds what eye hath seen, or ear hath heard,
They gaze upon His vesture dipped in blood,
And own their bliss was purchased by His death.
Yea, ere they gain their glorious blood-bought crown,
Oft as their souls behold the Lamb of God,
And feel the crimson stream applied with power,
A dying Christ is precious to their souls;
In Him they see Mosaic rites explained,
While victims on the Jewish altar teach
How sin is put away by the Surety's blood.
The Lord hath laid on Him His people's guilt,
He bore the load—He suffered and He died—
And by His death He took away at once
The guilt and shame of all His chosen race.
Sin-burdened soul, dry up your tears, fear not,
Look up, and triumph in atoning blood.

IRONS.

JUSTIFICATION.

THE grace which justifies a rebel man
Is free — eternal — personal — divine.
The sinner justified by grace has passed
From death to life, and shall not be condemned :
Peace is his portion here — he rests on Christ —
And shall be glorified with Him at last,
When time shall be no more. O blessed state!
Made free from guilt, delivered from the curse,
Complete in Jesus, owned an heir of bliss:
All flowing from Jehovah's sovereign grace.
Hail! favoured sinner, let this matchless love
Dispel thy slavish fear, and cheer thy soul
Amidst the toils and conflicts of the way,
Till with thy Jesus thou art glorified!

IRONS.

ADOPTION.

O WONDROUS love! the great Jehovah deigns
To call a worm His child! — look up, my soul,
And claim this sweet relation to the Lord :
My Father! how it moves my heart to love!
And shall I come before Him like a slave?
And rude and thoughtless to His presence rush?
Forbid it, Lord! Let holy confidence,
Unfeigned love, a fixed assurance too,
Unite with solemn awe and filial fear,
In all my secret intercourse with thee.

Whence rise my fears? why is my soul cast down?
The foes—the fiends—the sins I often dread,
My Father holds in chains, and will control;
I have His grace—I shall have glory too,
Because He is my Father and my God!
And shall I now forget my heavenly birth?
Degrade my family—my Father grieve—
By grov’ling in the vanities of time?
Forbid it, Lord! O teach me to aspire
In filial, holy intercourse with thee,
Receiving tokens of paternal love,
And, in the spirit of adoption, claim
My privilege, and “Abba, Father!” cry.
Own thou the kindred, tell me I’m thy child,—
Bear witness that my soul is born of God,
And let me live beneath my Father’s smile.
An heir of God, joint-heir with Christ, I sigh
For grace to live and act in character,
And my adoption every moment prove.

IRONS.

THE CHURCH.

THRICE-HAPPY people! whom Jehovah loves—
Whom He has chosen, pardoned, and renewed:
Maintain your high distinction from the world,
But let your love as brethren be preserved.
In tribes and families distinctly known,
See Israel onward march. But, when encamped,
Or fighting with the common foe, their ark,
Their interest, and their object, are but one.

So let the Gospel Churches (marshalled well)
 In bands distinct their little banners wave,
 And rallying round the standard of the cross
 In one grand army, "Fight and Overcome:"
 The world—the flesh—the devil, join their strength
 To wage a cruel war against the saints,
 At enmity against their God and King.
 Ye soldiers of the cross, unite in love;
 Put on your armour; hear your Captain's voice,
 And strive together for the truth of God!
 Cursed be the heresy that breaks your ranks,
 Or stirs a mutiny in Zion's camps:
 No more let Ephraim envy Judah's growth,
 Nor Judah Ephraim's children vex again;
 Let both engage against Philistine foes,
 Till victory is proclaimed, and Israel's tribes
 Triumphant, enter Everlasting Rest.

IRONS.

DIVINE CALLING.

PAUSE, O my soul! and gaze with fixed delight
 Upon the matchless symmetry of truth:
 See, how eternal love and quickening grace
 Unite, to glorify the heirs of bliss!
 Predestinated to be sons, and called
 By sovereign grace their sonship to enjoy,
 They bear the Saviour's image, stand complete
 In Him, with whom they shall be glorified.
 Election, calling, and eternal bliss
 Stand prominent in heaven's archives—describe

Jehovah's family—and bind secure,
As with a threefold cord, the Spirit's work,
The Saviour's name, the Father's love, in one
Divine—eternal—matchless covenant scheme!
Hail, ransomed sinners, callèd to be saints!
Sing of the grace which stopped your sinful course;
Admire its sovereignty, and own its power.
In vain the voice of man, vain all the calls
Of Providence, till Jesus spake with power:
Then, with a broken heart and trembling voice,
“Speak, Lord, thy servant hears!” your heart exclaimed.
He spake, and quick'ning power came with His word,
Which melted, pardoned, and revived the soul:
He called—yea, still He calls the chosen race—
Away from earth and sin—to holiness.
His call imparts the power to obey His voice,
And draws the soul to love and trust His name.
That trust is faith in exercise, which proves
Election—makes salvation sure, and bids
The trembling soul dismiss his slavish fear.
Again He calls to invite his ransomed home,
Made meet to enjoy the presence of their Lord:
He owns them heirs of glory and of God,
Gives them a seat at His right hand above,
To drink full draughts of everlasting bliss!

IRONS.

FAITH.

LIKE precious faith, oh, may my soul receive!
 And by it live upon the Son of God.
 'Tis this alone brings heavenly blessings near—
 O'ercomes the world—explores the sacred mines
 Of covenant love—and full salvation claims.
 A victor of renown, whose potent hand
 Subdues each foe—gains liberty divine—
 And in its train brings glory, joy, and peace.
 'Tis precious Faith which solves all mysteries—
 Sees through the darkest cloud, makes sorrows light,
 And walks, and works, and justifies the soul.
 Such is the faith of God's elect, and such
 Its grand exploits in all the chosen race.
 'Tis God the Father's gift—Christ is its strength—
 And all its acts are by the Holy Ghost.
 "Dear Lord, increase my faith!"

IRONS.

REPENTANCE.

AT Jesus' feet, where Mary sat and wept,
 I would be always found; and there, like her,
 Pour out the affection of a melted soul
 In godly sorrow, mixed with holy joy.
 Or, if from thence I move to Calvary,
 Oh! may His wounded side and precious blood
 Engage my thoughts—dissolve my stony heart—
 And bid repentance flow in tears of love.

Believing views of Jesus crucified,
And pardon sealed with His atoning blood,
Must banish legal dread, but while the host
Of murderous crimes exist within the heart,
Their constant rage is cause of constant grief.
Oh! Holy Spirit, lead my soul to Christ,—
Reveal His glories, and apply His blood
To work in me repentance unto life!

IRONS.

PRAYER.

WHAT wondrous grace! who knows its full extent?
A creature, dust and ashes, speaks with God—
Tells all his woes—enumerates his wants—
Yea, pleads with Deity, and gains relief.
'Tis prayer, yes, 'tis "effectual fervent prayer,"
Puts dignity on worms—proves life divine—
Makes demons tremble—breaks the darkest cloud,
And with a princely power prevails with God!
And shall this privilege become a task?
My God, forbid! pour out thy Spirit's grace,
Draw me by love, and teach me how to pray.
Yea, let thy holy unction from above
Beget, extend, maintain my intercourse
With Father, Son, and Spirit, Israel's God,
Until petitions are exchanged for praise.

IRONS.

PERSEVERANCE.

HAIL! ransomed souls, partakers of rich grace!
Soon you will come to Zion's heights of bliss;
For God has sworn you shall hold on your way.
He'll never change His mind, nor suffer fears—
Nor foes—nor sins—to stop you short of heaven.
Could but one soul for whom the Saviour died
Be missing there, the vacant seat—the harp
Unstrung—the useless crown would grieve all heaven,
And there proclaim a disappointed God!
No! He has sworn by two Immutables,
That Christ shall see the travail of His soul:
The Father's covenant love—the Saviour's blood—
The Holy Spirit's grace—are pledged in this
Sweet truth, "The righteous shall hold on his way."

IRONS.

GLORIFICATION.

No eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor words,
Nor thoughts, nor mortal powers can comprehend
The glory that awaits the ransomed soul.
But, when his glad dismissal is obtained
From all below, he wings his way on high,
To see, and know, and share the bliss of heaven.
Made free from sorrow—clad in royal robes—
And owned an heir of God—joint-heir with Christ,
He claims an entrance to his Father's house.
See how the everlasting doors fly back,

The grand, majestic scene unfolds, the harps—
The shouts—the hallelujahs of the throng
Salute, and welcome home the child of God.
With kindred spirits once beloved on earth,
He ranges o'er the plains of bliss—recounts
The wonders grace has wrought—and glory finds
In Jesus' unveiled, lovely countenance,
No more to lose the captivating sight.
But, dwelling near the throne, absorbed in bliss,
He looks—and loves—and sings eternally.
With such a prospect opening to our view,
Shall fading flowers and paltry toys—shall gold—
Or pearls—or crowns allure our heaven-born souls?
Away, ye sordid things! too long beloved!
Oh! Holy Spirit, draw my heart away
To act in character,—to walk with God—
To trample on the world—reach out—press on—
Aspire to gain the prize, and wear the crown!

IRONS.

“WHAT IS GLORY?”

O who can tell what glory is?
What constitutes eternal bliss?
What does the perfect throng employ?
Creating everlasting joy.

Is it the atmosphere of love,
Inhaled by the redeemed above?
Is it the victory of grace,
Sung by the conquered, crownèd race?

This would be heaven—e'en this alone—
But more than this God has made known ;
Christ's presence fills the holy place—
His saints, made like Him, see His face.

See Him who once was crucified —
With Him for ever glorified —
Absorbed in love—the love of God —
Ascribing all to precious blood.

And there I hope to sing away
A blessèd, everlasting day,
Within the bright angelic host,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

IRONS.

THE CHURCH ABOVE.

HARK ! how the choir around the throne
Adore their glorious King !
They drink full draughts of bliss unknown,
And hallelujah sing.

They range o'er heaven's unmeasured plain,
And find new cause for praise ;
See more of Jesus, and again
Their hallelujahs raise.

Anon the pearly gates unfold ;
An heir of bliss draws nigh ;
Again they strike their harps of gold,
And hallelujah cry.

Another sinner, born of God,
Makes the vast concave ring;
Again they Jesu's love record,
And hallelujah sing.

At last the ransomed throng complete,
Is glorified throughout;
Again they bow at Jesu's feet,
And hallelujah shout.

Ere long I hope to join the throng
Who bow before the King,
And to their everlasting song
My hallelujah bring.

IRONS.

THE SHIP.

ON life's tempestuous ocean glides
A vessel, built by God;
'Midst rocks, and shoals, and swelling tides,
She spreads her sails abroad.

Her mariners Jehovah chose,
Her pilot is the Lord;
She touches islands as she goes,
Sinners to take on board.

Truth is her compass, love her sail,
And heavenly grace her store
The Spirit's influence the gale
That wafts her to the shore.

Nor winds nor waves her progress check,
 Her course she must pursue ;
 And though she often fears a wreck,
 She's saved, with all her crew.

On boards and broken pieces tost,
 And death each hour at hand,
 Yet none who trust in Christ are lost,
 But all come safe to land.

Each soul to Christ the Lord is given,
 And purchased with His blood ;
 The vessel is insured in heaven,
 And God will make it good.

IRONS.

SUBMISSION.

THERE is a secret in the ways of God
 With His own children, which none others know,
 That sweetens all He does: and if such peace,
 While under His afflicting hand, we find,
 What will it be to see Him as He is,
 Beyond the reach of all that now disturbs
 The tranquil soul's repose? To contemplate,
 In retrospect unclouded, all the means
 By which His wisdom has prepared His saints
 For the vast weight of glory that remains!

Come, then, affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend. A friend that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy.
We welcome clouds which bring the former rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken round,
And shade the beauties of the opening year,
That, by their stores enriched, the earth may yield
A fruitful summer, and a plenteous crop.

SWAINE.

HEAVEN.

I LOVE to think of heaven, where I shall meet
My fellow-travellers, and where no more
With grief or sin my mind will be disturbed,—
Where holy saints and holy angels dwell
In constant harmony and mutual love.
But when my heart anticipates the sight
Of God Incarnate, wearing on His side,
And hands and feet, those marks of love divine
Which He on Calvary for me endured,
All heaven beside is swallowed up in this;
And He who is my hope of heaven below
Appears the glory of my heaven above.

SWAINE.

CHRISTIANS, LOOK HOMEWARD !

DRAW near, O ye blessed, and help me to sing
The treasures for you laid in store,
When soon you shall meet your dear Shepherd and King,
To weep in this desert no more.

Oh think with what rapturous shouts we shall rise,
To join with the glorified choirs,
When Jesus' bright chariot appears in the skies,
And death at His coming expires !

When, "Come, O ye blessed !" sounds sweet in our ears,
By love everlasting exprest,
What place will be found for our doubts and our fears
In sight of the mansions of rest ?

No more shall the wicked our comforts annoy,
Nor conscience from guilt feel a wound ;
No tree of temptation our peace to destroy,
Shall in the blest region be found.

No passions unholy our bosoms shall move,
To taint the fair mansions with strife ;
Our Shepherd shall feed us in pastures of love,
And lead us to fountains of life.

Look up, ye dejected, and weep as you go,
And mourn that no comfort ye prove ;
Cast down your sad willows, and sing while below
Of the bliss that awaits you above.

Anticipate heaven: it will sweeten those hours
When sorrows all round you appear;
Will strew all the road to Mount Zion with flowers,
And smooth the rough pathway of care.

SWAINE.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

Oh ! how the thought that I shall know
The Man who suffered here below,
To manifest His favour
For me, and those whom most I love,
Or here, or with Himself above,
Does my delighted spirit move,
At that sweet word—"for ever!"

For ever to behold Him shine,
For evermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me !
For ever on His face to gaze,
While all the Father He displays,
In all His full assembled rays,
To all the saints in glory !

Not all things else are half so dear
As His delightful presence here ;
What must it be in heaven ?
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,
Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven !

But how will His delightful voice
Make my enraptured heart rejoice,
When I in glory hear Him!
While I before the heavenly gate
For everlasting entrance wait,
And Jesus, on His throne of state,
Invites me to come near Him!

“Come in, thou blessed, sit by me,
With my own life I ransomed thee,
Come, taste my perfect favour;
Come in, thou happy spirit, come,
Thou now shalt dwell with me at home,
Ye blissful mansions make him room,
For he must stay for ever!”

When Jesus thus invites me in,
How will the heavenly host begin
To own their new relation?
“Come in! come in!” the blissful sound
From every voice will echo round,
Till all the crystal wall resound
With joy for my salvation.

SWAINE.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace unite,
And thus fulfil His Word!

M

SEPARATION OF BROTHERS

*When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.*

*When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.*

*When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, with dear esteem,
In every action glows.*

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

SWAINE.

THE GARDEN OF GRACE.

A GARDEN fenced from common earth,
By special sovereign grace,
Enriched with plants of heavenly birth,
The church of Jesus is.

His gospel is the open sky,
His love the shining sun;

Rivers of peace, which never dry,
Through all this garden run.

His Spirit is the heavenly wind
That o'er this garden blows;
And opening each immortal mind,
The Saviour's image shows.

Faith like an ivy, to the Rock,
That stands for ever cleaves;
And through the tempest's loudest shock
Eternal calm perceives.

Assurance, like a cedar, rears
Its stately branches high,
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,
And blossoms in the sky.

Here love appears a fruitful vine,
(From Christ, the bleeding root,)
Receiving life and sap divine,
And bears immortal fruit.

Humility, a lily fair,
Transplanted from on high,
Grows here, perfuming all the air
With sweets that never die.

Firm patience, like an aloe strong,
By storms unshaken grows,
And (changing scenes enduring long)
At length in glory blows.

Here hope, a lively evergreen,
Displays her smiling face;
And flowers of every hue are seen;
But all are plants of grace!

SWAINE.

WORSHIP.

JESUS! thy saints assemble here,
Thy power and goodness to declare:
Oh, may these happy seasons prove
That we have known redeeming love!

And, while of mercies past we speak,
And sing of endless joys to come,
Let thy full glories on us break,
And every thought give Jesus room!

Engrave thy name on every heart;
And give us all, before we part,
The life-restoring joys to know
Which from thy veins in rivers flow.

No other food can we desire,
No other theme our bosoms fire,
But sovereign, rich, redeeming love,
While here, and when we dwell above!

Thine everlasting love we sing,
The source whence all our pleasures spring;
How deep it sinks, how high it flows,
No saint can tell, no angel knows!

Its length and breadth no eye can trace,
No thought explore the bounds of grace;
Like its dear Author's name, it shines
In infinite unfolded lines!

The love which saves our souls from hell,
On this side heaven we ne'er can tell;
But when we reach bright Canaan's plains,
We'll sound it in immortal strains!

SWAINE.

GETHSEMANE.

JESUS, while He dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go;
Near to Kedron's brook it lay.
In this place He loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

'Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet,
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat.
When from noise He would be free,
Then He sought Gethsemane.

Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths He taught
Often set their hearts on flame:
Therefore they, as well as He,
Visited Gethsemane.

Here they oft conversing sat,
Or might join with Christ in prayer,
Oh, what blest devotion's that,
When the Lord Himself is there!
All things to them seemed to agree
To endear Gethsemane.

Here no strangers durst intrude;
But the "Prince of Peace" could sit,
Cheered with sacred solitude,
Wrapt in contemplation sweet.
Yet how little could they see
Why He chose Gethsemane.

Full of love to man's lost race,
On His conflict much He thought;
This He knew the destined place,
And He loved the sacred spot;
Therefore 'twas He liked to be
Often in Gethsemane.

They, His followers, with the rest,
Had incurred the wrath divine;
And their Lord, with pity prest,
Longed to bear their loads—and mine.
Love to them, and love to me,
Made Him love Gethsemane.

Many woes had He endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inured;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.

Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless "Lamb of God."
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

View Him in that olive-press,
Agonized, and bathed in blood;
View thy Maker's deep distress!
Hear the sighs and groans of God!
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Poor disciples, tell me now,
Where's the love ye lately had,
Where's that faith ye all could vow?
But this hour is too, too sad!
'Tis not now for such as ye
To support Gethsemane.

Oh, what wonders love has done!
But how little understood!
God well knows, and God alone,
What produced that sweat of blood.
Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane?

There my God bore all my guilt,
This, through faith, can be believed;
But the horrors which He felt
Are too vast to be conceived.
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
Washed by Kedron's waters foul,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds;
Think on these, my sinful soul.
Wouldst thou sin's dominion flee,
Call to mind Gethsemane.

Sinners vile like me, and lost,
If there's one so vile as I,
Leave more righteous souls to boast;
Leave them, and to refuge fly;
We may well bless that decree
Which ordained Gethsemane.

We can hope no healing hand,
Leprous quite throughout with sin.
Loath'd incurables we stand,
Crying out, "Unclean, Unclean!"
Help there's none for such as we,
But in dear Gethsemane.

Eden, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe;
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death;
But of life, the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

Hither, Lord, thou didst resort,
Ofttimes with thy little train;
Here wouldst keep thy private court;
Oh, confer that grace again!
Lord, resort with worthless me
Ofttimes to Gethsemane!

True, I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine :
But, since sin first fixed thee there,
None have greater sins than mine ;
And to this, my woeful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane.

Sins against a holy God ;
Sins against His righteous laws ;
Sins against His love, His blood ;
Sins against His name and cause ;
Sins immense as is the sea.
Hide me, O Gethsemane !

Here's my claim, and here alone ;
None a Saviour more can need ;
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
No, not one good work to plead.
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart ;
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with the blood-dipt dart.
Wound the heart that wounded thee ;
Melt it in Gethsemane.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One Almighty God of love,
Hymned by all the heavenly host
In thy shining courts above ;
We, poor sinners, gracious Three,
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

HART.

"MOTHER."

SEARCH the long annals of proud Rome and Greece,
The tomes of war, the chronicles of peace,
Ransack the old and modern rolls of fame,
To fix the brightest splendour on a name,
The name above all earthly names is—Mother!
Tone of the heart! where shall we find another
So full of tenderness, so sweet, so dear,
That breathes such hallowed music to the ear
As Mother! Dark the wayward heart must be
That vibrates not, endearing word! to thee!

BIRD.

THE CREATION.

FROM the throne of the Highest the mandate came forth,
The word of Omnipotent God.
And the elements fashioned His footstool, the earth,
And the heavens His holy abode.
And His Spirit moved over the fathomless flood
Of waters that fretted in darkness around:
Until, at His bidding, their turbulent mood
Was hushed to a calm, and obedient they stood
Where He fixed their perpetual bound.

By the word of Omnipotence, valley and hill
Were clothed with the grass and the flower,
And the fruit-tree expanded its blooms by the rill,
And the nourishing herb in the bower;

And the sun of the morning—the fountain of light—
Cast his cherishing rays through creation afar;
And the region of darkness, the season of Night—
The sister of Chaos—grew beauteous and bright
By the beams of the moon and the star.

By the word of Omnipotence, nature brought forth
The fish, and the beast, and the bird;
And they played in the waters, and browsed on the earth,
And the air by their carol was stirred;
And man, in the image and likeness of God,
Erected his person majestic and tall;
And though, like a worm, he was formed of the clod,
Yet, the favourite of heaven, he came forth and stood
The lord and possessor of all.

From the work of creation, which rose by His word,
When finished the heavens and the earth,
On the seventh day rested the Omnipotent Lord,
As He looked on each beautiful birth;
On the firmament stretched from the east to the west,
On the far-flowing sea, and the rich-teeming land;
And He saw they were good, and the Sabbath was blest,
The Sabbath! the sanctified season of rest
To the creatures that came from His hand.

KNOX.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horrors then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease:
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

KIRKE WHITE.

A SAINT.

A SAINT! oh, would that I could claim
The privileged, the honoured name,
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest in the saintly band.

Would, though it were in scorn applied,
That term the test of truth could bide !
Like kingly salutations given,
In mockery to the King of Heaven.

A saint ! and what imports the name,
Thus banded in derision's game ?
" Holy, and separate from sin ;
To good, nay, even to God akin."

Is such the meaning of the name,
From which a Christian shrinks with shame ?
Yes, dazzled by the glorious sight,
He owns his crown is all too bright.

And ill might son of Adam dare,
Alone, such honour's weight to bear ;
But fearlessly he takes the load,
United to the Son of God.

A saint ! oh, scorner, give some sign,
Some seal to prove the title mine,
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,
Than bringing kingdoms in thy hand.

Oh ! for an interest in that name,
When hell shall ope its jaws of flame,
And sinners to their doom be hurled,
While scorn'd saints " shall judge the world."

How shall the name of saint be prized,
Though now neglected and despised,
When truth shall witness to the Lord,
That none but " saints shall judge the world."

MARRIOTT.

THE GREAT WORD.

A POETICAL MEDITATION.

The following verses are reprinted from a rare and curious volume, entitled, "A Mirror or Looking Glasse, both for Saints and Sinners." By Samuel Clark, who died in the year 1680.

THOU, Lord, to me thy Word hast given,
Precious and pure,
Sweet, holy, sure,
To guide me through the world to heaven.

In all wants and necessities
Thy Word 's my store,
Heaped, running o'er,
With plenty of most rich supplies.

Temptations, terrors, dangers, fears,
Those petty hells,
Thy Word dispels,
And all the way before me clears.

When Satan flings his darts at me,
Then, Lord, thy Word
Is shield and sword,
To help me and to make him flee.

The world presents its objects rare;
But yet thy Word
Doth that afford,
Which seems to me far costlier fare.

Then lust invites me to its pleasure ;
 But to delights
 Thy Word invites,
Which far surpass in weight and measure.

Then errors their gummed wares display ;
 But Scripture says,
 " Shun error's ways ;
Walk by my rule,—this is the way."


Thus, when I'm tempted unto sin,
 By thy Word's art,
 Hid in my heart,
Both battle and reward I win.

Yea, though sins have defiled my soul,
 Thy Word can cleanse
 Those noisome dens
Of lust, and sin's best strength control.

Have I an unbelieving heart ?
 Thy Word, Lord, hath
 Power to work faith
By thy most Holy Spirit's art.

Have I a hard and stony heart ?
 Thy Word thus deals,
 First breaks, then heals ;
That stone is curèd by this smart.

Will not my frozen heart comply ?
 Thy Word, thy Law,
 That heart can thaw,
And change it for a weeping eye.



Do towering thoughts possess my breast ?
Thy Word brings low
The proudest foe,
And lays him level with the least.

Do muttering thoughts rise and repine ?
Thy rod and Word
Teach patience, Lord,
And still those barking thoughts of mine.

Am I tongue-tied, and cannot pray ?
Thy Word inspires
Praying desires,
Dumb lips unseals, tells what to say.

When I in darkness err and stray,
Thy Word 's a light,
Most clear and bright,
And leads me back into thy way.

I'm foolish, simple, and want eyes :
Thy Word's light, rule,
Master and school,
Which makes the comers to it wise.

I see myself undone and poor :
Thy words unfold
A mine of gold,
A pearl of price ; all richer store.

With God by nature I'm at odds :
Thy Word my soul
Converteth whole
From Satan's service unto God's.

Do outward troubles, inward grief,
My soul torment?
Thy Word is sent
With comfort for my soul's relief.

Am I perplexed with doubts and fears?
Thy Word of grace
Resolves the case,
And so my clouded judgment clears.

Or do despairing thoughts me take?
Thy Word doth give
Me hopes to live,
For Christ my dearest Saviour's sake.

Do multitude of thoughts me press?
I call to mind
Thy Word, and find
Such comforts as my soul refresh.

Can't I, through weakness, walk alone?
Thy Word, Lord, is
Strength to my knees,
And staff to stay my hand upon.

Thus though I thirst, faint, hunger, pine,
Thy Word me feeds
In these my needs;
Thy Word itself is bread, milk, wine.

Thus, though poor, scorned, forsaken, pained,
Thy Word alone
Hath all in one,—
Health, wealth, friends, honour,—all contained.

Thus, though soul-sick, and wounded sore
 With grievous sin,
 Which doth begin
To fester, rankling more and more,

Thy Word shows whence help may be had,
 And doth me guide
 To Christ's pierced side,
Whence flows the balm of Gilead.

Yea, though in me no life remain,
 Thy Word is good,
 And living food,
Which fetcheth me to life again.

Would I prolong this life for ever?
 The Scripture shows
 Whence water flows,
Pure streams, which whoso drinks dies never.

The Lord be blest who thus provides,
 And filleth full
 My empty soul,
With food which evermore abides.

Bless God, my soul, that thus hath given
 Strength, light, guide, way,
 Lest thou shouldst stray
In this thy pilgrimage to heaven.

This Book, these sentences, these lines,
 Each word and letter
 To me are better
Than chains of pearl and golden mines.

'Tis heaven transcribed, and glory penned ;
God's truth no doubt
Was copied out,
When He His gift to men did send.

'Tis truth itself: God doth intend
Man's word shall fall,
Heaven, earth, and all ;
But this shall never have an end.

My soul, admire that hand and quill,
That did produce,
For sinner's use,
Th' eternal mind ! the sovereign will !

Adore the Author too, and when
Thou canst not raise
Sufficient praise,
Sit down, and wondering say Amen !

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

Said to be the most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church ; it is found among the works of Clement of Alexandria, in Greek.

SHEPHERD of tender youth !
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways ;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife !
Thou didst thyself abase,
That, from sin's deep disgrace,
We of a sinful race
 Might receive life.

Thou art wisdom's High Priest !
Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of holy love ;
And in our mortal pain
None calls on thee in vain.
Help thou didst not disclaim,
 Help from above.

Ever be thus our Guide,
Our Shepherd, and our pride,
 Our staff and song !
Jesus ! thou Christ of God !
By thy perennial word,
Lead us where thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
 And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng,
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
 To Christ our King.

AUTUMN.

WITH bread, the heart of man to cheer,
See, bending low, the ripened ear
 Bow its luxuriant head !
In vain, ye swains, had been your care,
Had not He caused the blight to spare
The promise of the summer fair ;
And bid the sun, the rain, the air,
 Their kindly influence shed.

He bade the soft, refreshing gale,
Blow gently down the teeming vale,
 Nor hurt the rising grain ;
But when the ear began to rise,
To Him were raised our anxious eyes :
Oft from the cisterns of the skies
He sent, in mercy, rich supplies —
 Early and latter rain.

And now His hand has crowned our toil,
We joy like those who share the spoil,
 The harvest-home to bear !
With shouts the smiling pastures ring ;
With grateful hearts, ye reapers, sing
The praise of Heaven's eternal King,
Through whose paternal care ye bring
 The produce of the year !

COLLYER.

THE RULER OF THE STORM.

I WAS tossed on the billows of life ;
I endeavoured their rage to control ;
More fierce grew the turbulent strife ;
The waters went over my soul.

In the midst of the pitiless storm
One appeared who was mighty to save ;
The darkness was chased by His form ;
He trod on the fathomless wave.

In His looks, in His words, was a charm
Which commanded the tempest to cease ;
The billows were hushed to a calm ;
Within and without there was peace.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE RANSOMED.

WEEP not for the ransomed ; for the Master has come ;
And is calling His washed and redeemed ones home ;
The great and good Shepherd, of His infinite love,
Is gathering His flock to the sheepfold above.
They have gone to their rest, where the righteous rejoice,
For they ran at His bidding, and followed His voice.
Oh ! His mercy and goodness have been ever of old
To the sheep of His pasture, and lambs of His fold ;

Weep not for the ransomed. Ah! why should we weep?
In the arms of the Saviour they have fallen asleep;
They are resting with Him, far away from all strife,
They shall feed evermore in the pastures of life.
Here the wolf is abroad, and storms are around,
But there a safe hiding and shelter are found.
Yes, yes, ye may weep. Ah! who can refrain!
Yet not for the ransomed—for the scattered and slain!

ANON.

THE SAINT'S ETERNITY.

"There shall be no night there."—*Revelation*, xxi. 25.

TEN thousand thousand years are gone,
And still 't is high, eternal noon;
No clouds nor darkness e'er arise,
To veil the brightness of the skies.

No sun is here to rule the day,
Nor stars nor moon with paler ray;
For light ineffable, divine,
From God the Son and Father shine.

No pain nor sorrow e'er alloy
The raptures of celestial joy;
And guilt and sin for ever flee
The gates of immortality.

Oh, bliss supreme! oh, bright abode!
Here all are kings and priests to God!
Oh, wondrous love! amazing grace!
Which gave my soul in Heaven a place.

And is this state for ever sure?
Shall bliss from age to age endure?
Shall ever bright'ning glories shine?
Yes : God's eternal day is thine.

Shout ! shout His praise, ye ransomed throng ;
And Heaven's high arch the theme prolong !
Strike ! strike aloud your harps of gold !
Redeeming love can ne'er be told.

R. M. H.

ANTICIPATION OF THE FUTURE STATE.

Oh, the hour when this material
Shall have vanished like a cloud !
When amid the wide ethereal,
All the invisible shall crowd :
And the naked soul, surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God alone.

In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence ?
Angels ! guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

Will she there no fond emotion,
Nought of earthly love retain ?
Or, absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain ?
Can the grave those ties dis sever
With the very heart-strings twined ?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friends she leaves behind ?

No ! the past she still remembers :
Faith and hope surviving, too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew :
For the widowed, lonely spirit
(Incomplete till clothed afresh),
Longs perfection to inherit,
Longs to triumphs in the flesh.

Angels, let the ransomed stranger
In your tender care be blessed ;
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest :
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll ;
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

Can I trust a fellow-being,
Can I trust an angel's care ?
Oh, thou merciful All-seeing !
Shine around my spirit there.

Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod,
Thou, the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God !

Blessed fold ! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence ;
Jesus is their Sun, their Centre,
And their Shield, Omnipotence !
Blessed ! for the Lamb shall feed them ;
All their tears shall wipe away ;
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

Lo, it comes ! that day of wonder !
Louder chorals shake the skies :
Lo ! the gates are burst asunder ;
See the new-clothed myriads rise !
Thought, repress thy weak endeavour ;
Here must Reason prostrate fall ;
Oh ! the ineffable For-ever,
And the eternal All in all !

CONDER.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Ask the bird that soars on high
Midway between earth and sky,
What he sees, when he is there,
Of the world's receding sphere.

He could teach, if he might say,
Heavenward as he bends his way,
How the wide world lessens fast,
In the growing distance lost.

Lesser objects lost to view,
Great ones are but little now ;
All that once were bright and fair
Lose their tints and disappear.

Doubt you, then, why they who rise
Near and nearer to the skies,
See on earth's diminished sphere,
Little that is worth their care!

They whose bosoms once could joy
In the vain world's vainest toy ;
They whose hearts could sometime feel
E'en the slightest touch of ill ;—

From the world by sorrow riven,
Gone already half to Heaven ;
Look with calmness on a scene,
Scarcely now within their ken.

Deem not that the heart is chilled,
Which, though once with anguish filled,
Such emotions all forgot,
Smiles and says, " It matters not !"

ANON.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE Pilgrim Fathers! where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore.
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the "May Flower*" moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrims' sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks still keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone:
As the light above, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile! sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;
But the Pilgrim, where is he?

* The name of the ship that brought the first colonists to New England.


The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;
 When the summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
 Go—stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
 On that hallowed spot is cast:
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
 Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled ;
 It walks in noon's broad light:
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
 With the brilliant stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have died,
 And shall guard his ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the "May Flower" lay
 Shall foam and freeze no more.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;



The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air ;
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter :
There, with a slight and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea :
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own :
And when the ship from its fury flies,
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
And the tempest howls in the darkened skies,
When robbers are waiting the wreck on shore ;
Then far below in the peaceful sea
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
When the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

PERCIVAL.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my mind,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from His "hollow hand,"

d hung His bow upon thine awful front ;
 d spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
 to dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
 'he sound of many waters ;" and had bade
 y flood to chronicle the ages back,
 d notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
 p calleth unto deep. And what are we,
 at hear the question of that voice sublime ?
 , what are all the notes that ever rung
 m war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !
 u, what is all the riot man can make
 his short life, to thy unceasing roar ?
 d yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
 to drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
 ove its loftiest mountains ? A light wave,
 at breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

BRAINERD.

 FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;
 He halts, and searches with his eyes
 Among the scattered rocks ;
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake or fern ;
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry.
Nor is there any one in sight
All round in hollow, or on height ;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear ;
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below !
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth the leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crag repeats the raven's croak,
In sympathy austere :
Thither the rainbow comes — the cloud —
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,
That if it could, would hurry past :
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;

Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appalled discoverer with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear :
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been, through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that since the day
When this lamented traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side :
How nourished here through such long time,
He knows, who gave that love sublime ;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

WORDSWORTH.

• THE BUTTERFLY'S BIRTHDAY.

THE shades of night were scarcely fled,
The air was mild, the winds were still;
And slow the slanting sunbeams spread
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
Had dropt a short but balmy shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew
On every tree and every flower.

And from the blackbird's mellow throat
Was poured so loud and long a swell,
As echoed with responsive note
From mountain-side and shadowy dell.

When bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptured May,
The Butterfly, on pinions bright,
Launched in full splendour on the day.

Her slender form, ethereal light,
Her velvet-textured wings infold;
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnished gold.

Trembling with joy awhile she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray;
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wondered at her plumage gay!

And balanced oft her broidered wings,
Through fields of air prepared to sail;
Then on her venturous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields,
Taste all the joy that spring can give,
Partake what bounteous summer yields,
And live while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew,
The lily's honeyed cup explore,
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store.

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments, too, of short repose,
And mark thee then with fresh delight
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But, hark ! while thus I musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note,
And breathing from a viewless band,
Soft silvery tones around me float !

They cease ; but still a voice I hear :
“ And thou, believer, too wilt die,
Thy hour of rest approaches near,
But 'tis a sound of hope and joy.

Then, start not ! on thy closing eyes
Another day shall still unfold,
A sun of milder radiance rise,
A happier age of joys untold.

Shall the poor worm that meets thy sight,
The humblest form in nature's train,
Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
And yet the emblem teach in vain?

Ah! where were once her golden eyes,
Her glittering wings of purple pride,
Concealed beneath a rude disguise,
A shapeless mass to earth allied.

Like thee, the humble insect lived,
Like thee it toiled, like thee it spun,
Like thine, its closing hour arrived,
Its labour ceased, its web was done.

And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
No happier state of being know?
And shall no future morrow shed
On thee a beam of brighter glow?

Is this the bound of power divine,
To animate an insect frame?
Or shall not He who moulded thine,
Wake at His will the vital flame?

Go, Christian! in thy embryo state
Enough to know to thee is given;
Go, and the joyful truth relate,
Frail child of earth! high heir of heaven!"

SUNDAYS.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak—

Eternity in time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—the lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers—
Periods appointed to renew our trust—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

HENRY VAUGHEN, 1680.

CHASTENING IN LOVE.

“Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest.”—*Ps.* xciv. 12.

O SAVIOUR, whose mercy, afflicting in kindness,
Hast chastened my wanderings, and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy ;
And still, in displeasure, thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below ;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam ;
Sweet whispered the beam, but it whispered of woe,
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed ;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise, that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn :
Thou showedst me the path—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown ;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave ;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown ;
I asked—and thou showedst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
Oh! give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

ADORATION.

IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great "Ancient of Days,"
For His rich and distinguishing grace.

His love, from eternity, fixed upon you,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,
When each with the cords of His kindness He drew,
And thus brought you to love His great name.

Oh! had He not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms His love had ne'er felt;
You all would have lived, would have died, too, in sin,
And then sunk with the load of your guilt!

What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
"Twass even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in thy sight!"

'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
While others are suffered to go
The road which by nature we chose as our way,
Which leads down to the chambers of woe !

Then give all the glory to His holy name ;
To Him all the glory belongs ;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth His fame,
And to crown Him in each of your songs.

RIPPON'S COLLECTION.

THE LIMPET.

In Nature's all-instructive book,
Where canst thou, O believer, look,
And not some pleasing lesson find,
To guide and fortify the mind ?
The simple shell on yonder rock
May seem, perchance, this book to mock ;
Approach it then, and learn its ways,
And learn the lesson it conveys.
At distance viewed, it seems to lie
On its rough bed so carelessly,
That 'twould an infant's hand obey,
Stretched forth to seize it in its play ;
But let that infant's hand draw near,
It shrinks with quick, instinctive fear,
And clings as close as though the stone
It rests upon, and it, were one.
And should the strongest arm endeavour
The limpet from its rock to sever,

'Tis seen its loved support to grasp
With such tenacity of clasp,
We wonder that such strength should dwell
In such a small and simple shell !
And is not this a lesson worth
The study of the sons of earth ?
Who need a Rock so much as we ?
Ah ! who to such a Rock can flee ?
A Rock to strengthen, comfort, aid,
To guard, to shelter, and to shade ;
A Rock, whence fruits celestial grow,
And whence refreshing waters flow.
No rock is like this Rock of ours !
Oh, then, if you have learnt your powers
By a just rule to estimate,
If justly you can calculate,
How great your need, your strength how frail,
When timid caution bids you fear
A moment of temptation near,
Let wakeful memory recur
To this your simple monitor,
And wisely shun the trial's shock,
By clinging closely to your Rock !

A THANKSGIVING.

AWAKE, my joy ! awake, my song !
My heart, rebound ! and sing, my tongue !
Yea, all my life, my daily praise
Shall grateful chant His sovereign grace ;

Prevent each morning's early dawn,
Ere shines its light to gild the lawn.
An humble sacrifice I'll bring,
Reserved alone for Him I sing,
Whom present in my griefs I find,
When weak in heart, or faint in mind,
In each temptation with me still,
Nor yet forsakes my soul, nor will, }
When safe I stand on Zion's hill ! }

THE BELIEVER'S WISH.

GIVE me, my God, thy grace to know,
And guard my soul from every foe :
Reveal in me thy Son, to see
He lived, died, rose, and pleads for me :
And may the Spirit, by the word,
Unite my heart to Christ the Lord,
That I to God my life may spend,
And share the joys that never end!

S. A.

A SKETCH OF THE ALPS AT DAYBREAK.

THE sunbeams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow ;
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perched, like an eagle's nest, on high.

ROGERS.


THE UNIVERSAL LAW.

THAT very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

ROGERS.

LUKE, VIII. 19.

IF unto Jesus thou art bound,
A crowd about Him will be found,
Attending day and night;
A worldly crowd to din thine ears,
And crowds of unbelieving fears
To hide Him from thy sight.



Yet all the vain and noisy crowd
Is but a thin and lowering cloud,
 A mist before thine eyes ;
If thou press on, the crowds will fly ;
Or if thou faint, to Jesus cry,
 And He will send supplies.

This only way can pilgrims go,
And all complain, as thou wilt do,
 Of crowds that daily come ;
Yet, though beset by crafty foes,
And passing through a thousand woes,
 They get securely home.

And such as seem to run the race,
And meet no crowd to check their pace,
 Are only rambling still ;
Not fairly entered on the list,
The gate and narrow way they missed,
 Which lead to Sion's hill.

O Lord, a cheering look bestow,
Or lend a hand to help me through,
 And draw me up to thee ;
And when through fear I only creep,
Or dare not move a single step,
 Yet thou canst come to me.

BERRIDGE.

A THOUGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

IN every object here I see
 Something, O Lord, that leads to thee :
 Firm as the rocks the promise stands,
 Thy mercies countless as the sands,
 Thy love a sea immensely wide,
 Thy grace an overflowing tide.

In every object here I see
 Something, my heart, that points at thee ;
 Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
 Unfruitful as the barren sand,
 Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
 And, like the tide, in constant motion.

NEWTON.

THE SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
 The banks with simple flowers are gay,
 The oaks are budding ; and beneath,
 The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
 The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
 The swallow, too, is come at last ;
 Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
 I saw her dash with rapid wing,
 And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitor, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the grey dawn of day.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE STORMY PETREL.

The Stormy Petrels, when seen out at sea, are dreaded as the forerunners of a tempest: invited from their lurking-places by the lowering atmosphere, which spreads a dull twilight over the deep, they spring forth, and with rapid wings leave the shore behind.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast;
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds:

Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
Amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The Stormy Petrel finds a home:
A home—if such a place can be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

Over the deep! over the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep;
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale, in vain:
For the mariner scorneth the warning bird,
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!

Ah! thus does the Prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures He serveth still;
Yet He never falters: so, Petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

THE PETREL.

THE Petrel floats on the stormy foam,
While all around is drowning;
So the Christian smiles in his tranquil home,
When earthly joys are frowning.

Where worldly ambition but finds a grave,
Hope rests on her downy pillow;
As the Petrel sleeps on the ocean wave,
While tosses the raging billow.

The blast is loud, and the night is dark,
And chill are the restless surges;
Yet the Christian floats on his lowly bark,
As buoyant his spirit emerges.

He is caged on earth, yet he treads not its sod;
He spurns its confined dominions;
His soul is ethereal, he dwells with his God;
Heaven-plumed are his joyful pinions.

THE HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS
MOUNTAINEERS.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod.

Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge,
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod :
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die ;

We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky.

The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark-resounding caverns,
Where thy " still small voice " is heard ;

For the strong pines of the forests
That by thy breath are stirred ;

For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy Spirit walks abroad ;

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain,
Far, far below us waves ;

The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves ;

Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of thy presence,
Round our camp of rock outspread ;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead ;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

MRS. HEMANS.

THE GARDEN.

A GARDEN contemplation suits,
And may instruction yield,
Sweeter than all the flowers and fruits
With which the spot is filled.

Eden was Adam's dwelling-place,
While blessed with innocence ;
But sin o'erwhelmed him with disgrace,
And drove the rebel thence.

Oft as the garden walk we tread,
We may bemoan his fall :
The trespass of our legal head
In ruin plunged us all.

The garden of Gethsemane
The second Adam saw,
Oppressed with woe, to set us free
From the avenging law.

His church as a fair garden stands,
Which walls of love enclose;
Each tree is planted by His hands,
And by His blessing grows.

Believing hearts are gardens too;
For grace has sown its seeds
Where once, by nature, nothing grew
But thorns and worthless weeds.

Such themes, to those who Jesus love,
May constant joys afford,
And make a barren desert prove
The garden of the Lord.

NEWTON.

THE LOADSTONE.

As needles point towards the pole,
When touched by the magnetic stone,
So faith in Jesus gives the soul
A tendency before unknown.

Till then, by blinded passions led,
In search of fancied good we range;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fixed but love of change.

But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love,
Our wandering, weary, restless hearts
Are fixed at once, no more to move.

Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will;
This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

By love's pure light we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss and proper end;
And gladly every idol leave,
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

Thus borne along by faith and hope,
We feel the Saviour's words are true:
"And I, if I be lifted up,
Will draw the sinner upwards too."

NEWTON.

ON DREAMING.

WHEN slumber seals our weary eyes,
The busy fancy wakeful keeps;
The scenes which then before us rise
Prove something in us never sleeps.

As in another world we seem,
A new creation of our own;
All appears real, though a dream,
And all familiar, though unknown.

Sometimes the mind beholds again
The past day's business in review,
Resumes the pleasure or the pain;
And sometimes all we meet is new.

What schemes we form ! what pains we take !
We fight ; we run ; we fly ; we fall :
But all is ended when we wake—
We scarcely then a trace recall.

But though our dreams are often wild,
Like clouds before the driving storm,
Yet some important may be styled,
Sent to admonish or inform.

What mighty agents have access,
What friends from heaven, or foes from hell,
Our minds to comfort or distress,
When we are sleeping, who can tell?

One thing at least, and 'tis enough,
We learn from this surprising fact,
Our dreams afford sufficient proof
The soul without the flesh can act.

This life, which mortals so esteem,
That many choose it for their all,
They will confess was but a dream,
When wakened by death's awful call.

NEWTON.

NATURE AND FAITH.

WE wept—'twas Nature wept—but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon world, so fair and bright,
Behold thee in refulgent light !

We miss thee here, but Faith would rather
Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.

Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled ;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide—
Faith beholds the other side ;
That, but hears farewells and sighs—
This, thy welcome in the skies ;
Nature mourns a trying blow—
Faith assures it is not so ;
Nature never sees thee more—
Faith but sees thee gone before ;
Nature tells a dismal story—
Faith has visions full of glory ;
Nature views the change with sadness—
Faith contemplates it with gladness ;
Nature murmurs—Faith gives meekness,
Strength is perfected in weakness ;
Nature writhes, and shuns the rod—
Faith looks up and blesses God :
Sense looks downwards—Faith above,
That sees harshness—this sees love ;
Oh ! may Faith victorious be—
May she reign triumphantly !

SLEEP IN JESUS.

To go to God is not "to die,"
But from earth's shadows dim,
Up to the Father's house to fly,
And be at home with Him.

To dwell with God is not "to die,"
But far from reach of foes,
Sabbath to keep eternally,
In infinite repose.

Oh, sheep of Christ! 'tis not "to die,"
To hear the Shepherd's voice
In heaven's own fold, life's river by,
Bid His own flock rejoice.

Oh, ransomed soul! 'tis not "to die,"
To be for ever free;
In the full glory soar on high,
In endless liberty.

Oh, child of God! 'tis not "to die,"
To be proclaimed His heir;
To enter the inheritance,
And take possession there!

RURAL SOUNDS.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell ?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
The lowing herd ; the shepherd's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
The whistling ploughman walks afield ; and, hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs ;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour ;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And the shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

BEATTIE.

I AM DEBTOR.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinching heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;
Make thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light ;
Blessed Jesus ! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led ;
Oft I fall—but still arise—
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies ;
Blessed Spirit ! bid me show
Weary sinners what I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain ;
But a night thine anger burns—
Morning comes, and joy returns ;
God of comforts ! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe.

M'CHEYNE.

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA IN THE
BAY OF CARMEL.

O LORD ! this swelling, tideless sea,
Is like thy love in Christ to me ;
The ceaseless waves that fill the bay
Through flinty rocks have worn their way,
And thy unceasing love alone
Hath broken through this heart of stone.

Yet still these waters clasp the shore
 As kindly as they did before !
 Such is thy love to Judah's race,
 A deep, unchanging tide of grace.
 Though scattered now, at thy command,
 They pine away in every land,
 With trembling heart and failing eyes—
 And deep the veil on Israel lies—
 Yet still thy word thou canst not break,
 "Beloved for their fathers' sake."

M'CHEYNE.

 JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

"The Lord our Righteousness."—*The watchword of the Reformers.*

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
 Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
 Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
 Isaiah's wild measure, or John's simple page;
 But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
 Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
 I wept when the waters went over his soul;
 Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree
 Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name ;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu ! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu ! I ne'er can be lost ;
In thee I can conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate, and shield !

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This "watchword" shall rally my faltering breath ;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my death-song shall be !

M'CHEYNE.

"THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES."

DARK was the night, the wind was high,
The way by mortals never trod ;
For God had made the channel dry,
When faithful Moses stretched the rod.

The raging waves on either hand
Stood like a massy tottering wall,
And on the heaven-defended band
Refused to let the waters fall.

With anxious footsteps, Israel trod
The depths of that mysterious way,
Cheered by the pillar of their God,
That shone for them with favouring ray.

But when they reached the opposing shore,
As morning streaked the eastern sky,
They saw the billows hurry o'er
The flower of Pharaoh's chivalry.

Then awful gladness filled the mind
Of Israel's mighty ransomed throng;
And while they gazed on all behind,
Their wonder burst into a song.

Thus thy redeemed ones, Lord, on earth,
While passing through this vale of weeping,
Mix holy trembling with their mirth,
And anxious watching with their sleeping.

The night is dark, the storm is loud,
The path no human strength can tread;
Jesus! thou art the pillar-cloud,
Heaven's light upon our path to shed.

And oh! when life's dark journey o'er,
And death's enshrouding valley past,
We plant our foot on yonder shore,
And tread yon golden strand at last,

Shall we not see, with deep amaze,
How grace has led us safe along;
And while, behind, before, we gaze,
Triumphant burst into a song?

And even on earth, though sore bested,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Sprinkled to-day from slavish dread,
To-morrow captive led by sin,

Yet would I lift my downcast eyes
On thee, thou brilliant tower of fire,
Thou dark cloud to mine enemies,
That hope may all my breast inspire.

And thus the Lord, my strength, I'll praise,
Though Satan and his legions rage;
And the sweet song of faith I'll raise,
To cheer me on my pilgrimage.

M'CHEYNE.

“THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET,
AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH.”

WHEN Israel knew not where to go,
God made the fiery pillar glow;
By night, by day, above the camp
It led the way—their guiding lamp.
Such is thy holy Word to me
In day of dark perplexity.
When devious paths before me spread,
And all invite my foot to tread,
I hear thy voice behind me say,
“Believing soul, this is the way;

Walk thou in it." O gentle Dove,
How much thy holy law I love !
 My lamp and light,
 In the dark night.

When Paul amid the seas seemed lost,
By Adrian billows wildly tossed,
When neither sun nor star appeared,
And every wave its white head reared
Above the ship, beside his bed
An angel stood, and " Fear not " said.
Such is thy holy Word to me,
When tossed upon affliction's sea ;
When floods come in unto my soul,
And the deep waters o'er me roll,
With angel voice thy word draws near,
And says, "'Tis I, why shouldst thou fear?
Through troubles great my saints must go
Into their rest, where neither woe
Nor sin can come, where every tear
From off the cheek shall disappear,
Wiped by God's hand." O gentle Dove,
Thy holy law how much I love !
 My lamp and light,
 In the dark night.

When blessed Stephen dauntless stood
Before the Jews, who sought his blood,
With angel face he looked on high,
And, wondering, through the parted sky
Saw Jesus risen from His throne
To claim the martyr as His own.

Angelic peace that sight bestowed,
With holy joy his bosom glowed,
And while the murderous stones they hurled,
His heaven-wrapt soul sought yonder world
Of rest. "My spirit, Saviour, keep!"
He cried; he kneeled; he fell asleep.
Such be thy holy Word to me
In hour of life's extremity!
Although no more the murdering hand
Is raised within our peaceful land,
The church has rest, and I may ne'er
Be called the martyr's crown to wear,
Yet still, in whatsoever form
Death comes to me, in midnight storm,
Whelming my bark, or in my nest,
Gently dismissing me to rest,
O grant me in thy Word to see
A risen Saviour beckoning me!
No evil then my heart shall fear
In the dark valley. Thou art near
My trembling soul, and thou, my God,
Alone art there: thy staff and rod
Shall comfort me. O gentle Dove,
How much thy law I love!
My lamp and light,
In the dark night.

M'CHEYNE.

TO YONDER SIDE.

Luke, viii. 22-25.

BEHIND the hills of Naphtali
The sun went slowly down,
Leaving on mountain, tower, and tree,
A tinge of golden brown.

The cooling breath of evening woke
The waves of Galilee,
Till on the shore the waters broke,
In softest melody.

"Now launch the boat," the Saviour cried,
(The chosen twelve stood by,)
"And let us cross to yonder side,
Where the hills are steep and high."

Gently the bark o'er the water creeps,
While the swelling sail they spread,
And the wearied Saviour gently sleeps,
With a pillow 'neath His head.

On downy bed the world seeks rest ;
(Sleep flies the guilty eye) ;
But he who leans on the Father's breast
Can sleep when storms are nigh.

But soon the lowering sky grew dark,
O'er Bashan's rocky brow ;
The storm rushed down upon the bark,
And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,
While yawned the watery grave,
"We perish, Master,—Master, wake!
Carest thou not to save?"

Calmly He rose, with sovereign will,
And hushed the storm to rest.
"Ye waves," He whispered, "Peace, be still!"
They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm
O'er the wakened sinner roll,
Till Jesus' voice and Jesus' form
Said, "Peace, thou weary soul."

And now He bends His gentle eye
His wondering followers o'er,
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
I said, 'To yonder shore.'"

When first the Saviour wakened me,
And showed me why He died,
He pointed o'er life's narrow sea,
And said, "To yonder side."

"I am the ark where Noah dwelt,
And heard the deluge roar;
No soul can perish that has felt
My rest.—To yonder shore."

Peaceful and calm the tide of life,
When first I sailed with thee;
My sins forgiven, no inward strife,
My breast a glassy sea.

But soon the storm of passion raves,
 My soul is tempest-tost ;
 Corruptions rise, like angry waves ;
 " Help, Master, I am lost."

" Peace! peace! be still, thou raging breast ;
 My fulness is for thee ;"
 The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,
 Like the waves of Galilee.

And now I feel His holy eye
 Upbraids this heart of pride :
 " Why raise this unbelieving cry ?
 I said, ' To yonder side.' "

M'CHEYNE.

ON MUNGO PARK'S FINDING A TUFT OF GREEN MOSS IN THE AFRICAN DESERT.

" Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation ; for, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves and capsule, without admiration : Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image ! Surely not. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand ; and I was not disappointed."—*Park's Travels*.

THE sun had reached his mid-day height,
 And poured down floods of burning light,

On Afric's barren land;
No cloudy veil obscured the sky;
And the hot breeze that struggled by
Was filled with glowing sand.

No mighty rock upreared its head,
To bless the wanderer with its shade,
In all the weary plain;
No palm-trees, with refreshing green
To glad the dazzled eye, were seen;
But one wide sandy main.

Dauntless and daring was the mind
That left all home-born joys behind,
These deserts to explore,
To trace the mighty Niger's course,
And find it bubbling from its source,
In wilds untrod before.

Sad, faint, and weary, on the sand
Our traveller sat him down; his hand
Covered his burning head;
Above, beneath, behind, around,
No resting for the eye he found;
All nature seemed as dead.

One tiny tuft of moss alone,
Mantling with freshest green a stone,
Fixed his delighted gaze;
Through bursting tears of joy he smiled,
And while he raised the tendril wild,
His lips o'erflowed with praise.

"Oh, shall not He who keeps thee green,
Here in the waste—unknown, unseen—

Thy fellow-exile save ?
He who commands the dew to feed
Thy gentle flower, can surely lead
Me from a scorching grave ! ”

The heaven-sent plant new hope inspired ;
New courage all his bosom fired,
And bore him safe along ;
Till, with the evening's cooling shade,
He slept within the verdant glade,
Lulled by the negro's song.

Thus we, in this world's wilderness,
Where sin and sorrow, guilt, distress,
Seem undisturbed to reign,
May faint because we feel alone,
With none to strike our favourite tone
And join our homeward strain.

Yet often, in the bleakest wild
Of this dark world, some heaven-born child,
Expectant of the skies,
Amid the low and vicious crowd,
Or in the dwellings of the proud,
Meets our admiring eyes.

From gazing on the tender flower,
We lift our eyes to Him whose power
Hath all its beauty given ;
Who, in this atmosphere of death
Hath given it life, and form, and breath,
And brilliant hues of heaven.

Our drooping faith, revived by sight,
Anew her pinion plumes for flight ;
 New hope distends the breast ;
With joy we mount on eagle wing,
With bolder tone our anthem sing,
 And seek the pilgrim's rest.


M'CHEYNE.

“IT IS THE LORD.”

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath His rod,
 And bless His sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Tho' sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege,—and sweet—
 The energies of prayer,
Tho' sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

Oh ! blessed be the Hand that gave,
 Still blessed when it takes,
Blessed be He who smites to save,
 Who heals the heart He breaks ;
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom Heaven adores and death obeys.



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

THOUGH the morn may be serene,
 Not a threatening cloud be seen,
 Who can undertake to say,
 'T will be pleasant all the day?
 Tempests suddenly may rise,
 Darkness overspread the skies,
 Lightnings flash, and thunders rear,
 E'er a short-lived day be o'er.

Often thus the child of grace
 Enters on his Christian race,
 Guilt and fear are overborne,
 'Tis with him a summer's morn;
 While his new-felt joys abound,
 All things seem to smile around;
 And he hopes it will be fair,
 All the day and all the year.

Should we warn him of a change,
 He would think the caution strange;
 He no change or trouble fears,
 Till the gathering storm appears;
 Till dark clouds his sun conceal,
 Till temptation's power he feel;
 Then he trembles and looks pale,
 All his hopes and courage fail.

But the wonder-working Lord
 Soothes the tempest by His word:

Stills the thunder, stops the rain,
And His sun breaks forth again :
Soon the cloud again returns,
Now he joys, and now he mourns ;
Oft his sky is overcast
Ere the day of life be past.

Tried believers, too, can say,
In the course of one short day,
Though the morning has been fair,
Proved a golden hour of prayer,
Sin and Satan, long ere night,
Have their comforts put to flight ;
Oh ! what heartfelt peace and joy
Unexpected storms destroy !

Dearest Saviour ! call us soon
To thy high eternal noon.
Never there shall tempest rise,
To conceal thee from our eyes ;
Satan shall no more deceive,
We no more thy Spirit grieve ;
But, through cloudless, endless days,
Sound to golden harps thy praise.

THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part ;
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine;
How came the world's grey fathers forth,
To watch thy sacred sign!

Gloriously is thy girdle cast,
O'er mountain, tower, and town;
Or mirrored in the ocean vast
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to His sacred page,
God still rebuilds thy span;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

GLORY TO GOD AND THE LAMB.

HARP! lift thy voice on high! shout! angels shout!
And loudest, ye redeemed! Glory to God,
And to the Lamb who bought us with His blood,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue;
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls;
And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns
Of life, and made us kings and priests to God.
Shout back to ancient time! Sing aloud, and wave


Your palms of triumph! Sing, where is thy sting,
 O death! where is thy victory, O grave!
 Thanks be to God, eternal thanks, who gave
 Us victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.
 Harp! lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
 And loudest, ye redeemed! Glory to God,
 And to the Lamb, all glory and all praise,
 All glory and all praise, at morn and even,
 That come and go continually, and find
 Us happy still, and thee for ever blest!
 Glory to God and to the Lamb! Amen.
 For ever and for evermore. Amen.

POLLOK.

KEDRON.

THOU soft-flowing Kedron! by thy limpid stream
 Our Saviour, at night, when the moon's silver beam
 Shone bright on thy waters, would oftentimes stray,
 And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day;
 Come, saints, and adore Him, come, bow at His feet;
 Oh! give Him the glory, the praise that is meet!
 Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

How damp were the vapours that fell on His head!
 How hard was His pillow! how humble His bed!
 The angels, beholding, amazed at the sight,
 Attended their Master with solemn delight.
 Come, saints, and adore Him, come, bow at His feet;
 Oh! give Him the glory, the praise that is meet!



Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!
 Oh! garden of Olivet, dear, honoured spot!
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot!
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
 The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!
 Come, saints, and adore Him, come, bow at His feet;
 Oh! give Him the glory, the praise that is meet!
 Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

M. DE FLEURY.

“REJOICE EVERMORE.”

Oh, what bliss! what tidings glorious!
 Drooping soul, thy gladness know,
 Christ, thy King, is all victorious!
 Satan's chains lie trampled low!
 To the arms He nobly wielded,
 Vaunting Death himself hath yielded!
 Let, then, all misgivings leave thee,
 Earthly things no longer grieve thee;
 Upward flying,
 No more dying!

No more groaning! no more sighing!
 Oh, what joy! what love unbounded!
 Here on earth begin the song;
 Harps on high by angels sounded,
 Ceaselessly the strain prolong.

B. STABLE.

THE MARTYR.

FIERCE the flames are rising high !
Men of iron hearts are nigh !
Who within them nought can feel,
But their furious, blinded zeal !
Yet no shriek,—no groan, they hear,
That can tell the martyr's fear !
Dauntless in the midst is he,
Fettered to the burning tree :
Shouts of wrath his ears assail,—
Shouts that would the stoutest quail,
But he stands in meekness there,
And his lips are moved in prayer ;
Looking upward to the skies, }
Victory ! in death he cries ! }
And victorious, thus he dies. }

What could thus his strength uphold ?
Thus to be in suffering bold !
In that dreadful hour of pain,
Christ was whispering, "'Tis thy gain !"
For a time thou must be tried,
Soon set free, and purified ;
Upward shall thy soul ascend,
Safe to me, thy well-known Friend !
And the burning fire shall prove,
Thou hast known my endless love ;
Nobly hast thou borne the cross,
Counted all thy life but loss ;

Henceforth thou my glory share,
 Take the martyr's crown to wear,
 Safe from anguish, free from care!

B. STABLE.

MORNING.

In gloomy grandeur darkness quits the earth,
 And morning, mounted upon saffron clouds,
 In smiling loveliness resumes the sway :
 All nature wakes ; a thousand varied hues,
 Vivid and sparkling, meet the orb of day,
 As bright he rises from his eastern home ;
 Up heaven's high arch in majesty he moves,
 Like some glad pilgrim in the cause of love,
 And sheds abroad one universal joy.
 From every grove sweet sounds are hymning forth
 The grateful melody of thankful love ;
 The dew-drops falling from the trees and flowers,
 With incense floating on the morning air,
 In one accord send all their freshness up :
 Man only seems ungrateful ! forth he goes,
 With strengthened energies to daily toil ;
 With the rich hue of health upon his cheek,
 And yet no gratitude within his heart !
 Who bade the morning take the place of night ?
 Who sent the sun upon his daily course ?
 And decked all nature in a garb of joy ?
 Who but Jehovah ? who but the Supreme ?
 The Architect Omnipotent ! All-wise !

For whom again was all this beauty planned?
Vain man, 'twas all for thee! for thy delight!
Then may the heart respond, while lips repeat
The praise of Him beneath whose care thou art!

B. STABLE.

AN EVENING MEDITATION.

With heart repentant, Father, lead me on
A willing prisoner in the "bands of love,"
And teach me to adore! I cannot stand
Upon this world of woe, and rest content,
With knowing thee as God; my spirit longs
To meet its great Redeemer, and partake
Of all the light that emanates from thee.
'Tis not the whirlwind, nor the mighty rush,
Of battling sounds, that so proclaimeth thee
The soul's supporter! 'tis "the still small voice,"
Which strikes the sense, and lights the lamp of love;
We stand in awe, and tremble at the shock,
Which speaks thy power;—but the *kindred* tone
Of Friendship draws us on, and firmly binds
In pure confiding bliss, our hopes in thee!
And now that darkness holds her gloomy sway,
And awful silence lends to thought a charm
That verges on repose; the willing mind
That sweet communion holds, till, lost in love,
Earth far recedes, and heaven fills up the void!
Foretaste of bliss! though soon the spell dissolves,

It still reminds us that our brightest hopes
Will one day be fulfilled ; when not a sigh
Shall intercept the peaceful, placid rest,
But hymns of joy from seraph voices thrill,
In wondrous unison the raptured soul.

B. STABLE.

MATTHEW, XI. 28-30.

O HEAVENLY Father ! God of grace !
Across the world's wide, empty space,
I come, oppressed with grief ;
In worldly cares, from worldly gain,
I've sought a rest from all my pain,
But could not find relief.

Perceiving this, I thought I could
Find in myself some innate good,
On which I might recline :
But all my faith, and all my tears,
Availed me not ; still doubts and fears
Perplexed this heart of mine.

At length I heard thy Spirit's voice,
Whose sound did make my heart rejoice,
In mercy sweetly say,—
Poor sinner ! there's no earthly ground
Where consolation can be found ;
From hence, come, flee away.

'Tis in the ark of covenant grace,
I've found for thee a resting-place,
Where thou shalt safely dwell;
For yet the waves and floods must roar,
Till I shall land thee on a shore
Beyond the reach of hell.

My God! I come! I fly from death!
But send thy spirit's gentle breath
To dry my drooping wing:
Or I shall ne'er that ark attain
Which floats secure across the main,
Where ransomed spirits sing.

For faith and love are sure to sink,
And bring me to the water's brink,
And plunge me in the wave.
My prayer is heard! thine outstretched arm
Secures my soul from every harm;
I see thy power to save.

NUNN.

PSALM CXXXVII. 1, 2, 4.

How strange, my God! it seems to me
That I a stranger am to thee!
That I, who often have beheld
Thy wondrous grace which ne'er withheld
One needful good, am left to prove
The tokens of thy absent love.

How strange to me appears that breath
Which saves my sinful soul from death !
Strange is that power by which I trace
Sin doomed to die through sovereign grace ;
Strange is that voice which bade me come
A pilgrim to my Father's home.

Strange do I seem to those blessed powers
Of faith and love, by which my hours
Were once employed in prayer and praise
To Him who claimed my happier days ;
Strange to His Word, I cannot see
The light of truth reflect to me,

That sun, without whose cheering rays
I spend in gloom my weary days.
Strange to my God, I wander where
Nor peace, nor joy, to me appear ;
And, stranger still, I must believe
My God will yet my soul relieve.

O thou blest Lord ! before whose sight
My way, so dark, is clear as light,
Give me but grace to wait thy will,
I'll try to bear my strangeness till
My soul, beyond all turn and change,
To thee nor me no more seem strange.

NUNN.

ACTS, XX. 28. EZEK. XXXIV. 14.

THE Gospel comes ! ordained of God
To cheer the pilgrim on that road

R

Which leads to endless day ;
From hence the saints of Christ are fed
With living streams and living bread,
Their strength, and joy, and stay.

As travellers resting, here they meet ;
Sitting around their Master's feet,
They listen to that voice
Which, as they pass to realms above,
Reveals the wonders of His love,
Who bids them to rejoice.

Then, while to Zion's sons the sound
Of mercy comes, may I be found
Among the happy few !
Great God of heaven ! hear my prayer,
O let me, Lord, thy mercies share ;
I'll sing thy glories too.

NUNN.

THE SUMMER CALM.

GRADUAL sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation.

THOMSON.

INTO a gradual calm the zephyrs sink,
A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink;
And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks.
Here, spots of sparkling water tremble bright,
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light:
There, waves that, hardly weltering, die away,
Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray.
And now the universal tides repose,
And brightly blue the burnished mirror glows;
Save where, along the shady western marge,
Coasts with industrious oar the charcoal barge:
The sails are dropped, the poplar's foliage sleeps,
And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deeps.

WORDSWORTH.

JERUSALEM AT THE FIRST CRUSADE.

ON two unequal hills the city stands;
A vale between divides the higher lands.
Three sides without impervious to the foes,
The northern side an easy passage shows,
With smooth ascent; but well they guard the part
With lofty walls, and laboured works of art.
The city lakes and living springs contains,
And cisterns to receive the falling rains:
But bare of herbage is the country round;
Nor springs nor streams refresh the barren ground.
No tender flower exalts its cheerful head;
No stately trees at noon their shelter spread;

Save where, two leagues remote, a wood appears,
Embrowned with noxious shade, the growth of years!
Where morning gilds the city's eastern side,
The sacred Jordan pours its gentle tide.
Extended lie, against the setting day,
The sandy borders of the midland sea:
Samaria to the north, and Bethel's wood,
Where to the golden calf the altar stood:
And on the rainy south the hallowed earth
Of Bethlehem, where the Lord received His birth.

HOOLE'S TASSO.

THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

THERE is a family on earth
Whose Father fills a throne;
But, though a seed of heavenly birth,
To men they're little known.

Whene'er they meet the public eye,
They feel the public scorn;
For men the fairest claims deny,
And count them basely born.

But 'tis the King who reigns above
That claims them for His own;
The favoured objects of His love,
And destined to a throne.

The honours that belong to them
By men are set at nought;
Whatever shines not they condemn,
Unworthy of a thought!

But, ah ! how little they reflect !
For mark th' unerring word,
"That which with men has most respect
Is odious to the Lord."

Were honours evident to sense,
Their portion here below,
The world would do them reverence,
And all their claims allow.

But when the King Himself was here,
His claims were set at nought :
Would they another lot prefer ?
Rejected be the thought.

No ! they will tread, while here below,
The path their Master trod ;
Content all honour to forego,
But that which comes from God.

And when the King again appears,
He'll vindicate their claim ;
Eternal honour shall be theirs,
Their foes be filled with shame.

KELLY.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Oh thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime :
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But, with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful thought :
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

GRISON.

THE SWALLOW.

I AM fond of the swallow—I learn from her flight,
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love :
How seldom on earth do we see her alight !
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and poised in the regions of air ;
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows ;
It is winged, like herself ; 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
And, dreading the cold, still follows the sun :
So, true to our love, we should covet His rays,
And the place where He shines not, immediately shun.

Our light should be love, and our nourishment prayer ;
It is dangerous food that we find upon earth :
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare ;
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,
But when for her young she is building a nest ;
Were it not for her brood, she would never bestow
A thought on a place not designed for her rest.

Let us leave it ourselves—'tis a mortal abode—
To bask every moment in infinite love ;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
That leads to the day-spring appearing above:

GUION.

GOD, THE GUIDE OF HIS PEOPLE UNTO
DEATH.

And He is present still. He still shall bless
The thorny path of life's rough wilderness ;
He still bids springs of living water rise,
And heavenly food with ceaseless care supplies.
And when by death's cold stream we trembling stand,
The stream which bars us from the promised land,

His voice shall calm our fears, His hand shall guide
Our fainting footsteps through that fiercer tide,
And land us safely on our Canaan's shore,
Where toil, and tears, and death are known no more.

ROLLESTON.

PARADISE.

FAIR are the flowers, and fair the trees,
And sweet the groves of Paradise;
And rills of love unceasing flow,
To water all the garden through.

There is no thorn, no brier seen,
But all is beautiful and green;
No barren spot, no stony ground,
In all that garden can be found.

Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness,
Shines on it with His cheering rays,
And vivifies the lovely flowers
With dews of grace and heavenly showers.

RYLAND.

THE HEAVENLY LAND, AND THE WAY TO IT.

Know ye the land which, in moments of sorrow,
To hearts that are weary and laden is dear,
Where joys of to-day are unchanged on the morrow,
And happiness' smile beams no more through a tear?

Know ye it, pilgrims? then linger no more,
But hasten with me to that heavenly shore.

Know ye the way? though 'tis oftentime dreary,
The pilgrim will oftentime faint as he goes;
It leads to the home and the rest of the weary,
Where God's ransomed people find endless repose.
Know ye it, pilgrims? then fearless haste on,
The thorns shall be changed to fair flowers ere long.

Know ye the Friend, who, His glory forsaking,
Has travelled before you that rough thorny road,
Your nature, your sins, and your sufferings taking,
To bring you, poor wanderers, home to your God?
Know ye Him, pilgrims? then lean on His hand,
'Twill guide you on safely to that blessed land.

O. P.

FRAGMENT.

SAYEST thou that human glory can endure,
That ought of earth affords foundation sure?
Sayest thou that empire, dignity, or fame,
Shall live for ever—flourish on the same?
Gaze on each temple, on each lofty dome;
Gaze on the ruins of imperial Rome;
Can the proud city or embattled tower
Contemn old Time, and set at nought his power?
Gaze on the ruins; nay, go seek the spot
Where high and haughty Babylon is not;

Snakes of the fen, and lions of the wood,
 Possess the spot where she, proud city, stood.
 Her gates of brass, her gold, her silver—all
 Have perished in the universal fall;
 No frail memorial is left, to tell
 Where stood the stronghold of the impious Bel.
 Yet, mark ! there is a city that shall be
 Strong and unmoved to all eternity.
 No sun illuminates that city bright,
 No moon is there, to cheer dark dismal night :
 No night is there ; God is its beaming sun,
 Its light the Lamb—the holy Three in One.
 What city thus shall cankering age condemn ?
 No earthly work—the New Jerusalem !

S.

THE CLOUD.

WHY should yon dark unlovely cloud
 Obscure the golden ray,
 And with its sudden gloom o'ercast
 The brightness of the day ?

Safe in its folds a treasure lies,
 A store of glittering rain ;
 And God in mercy brings it forth
 To cool the sultry plain.

Vain were the beams of summer suns
 To paint the mellow fruit,
 If God withheld the gentle rain
 That nourishes the root.

And thus, across life's fairest day,
Some cloud of grief will roll,
Unwelcome to the heart of man,
But wholesome to the soul.

Oh ! think not God's most precious gifts
In beams and smiles are given ;
What drowns our joy is often sent
To ripen us for heaven.

MRS. TONNA.

PRAISE.

HARPS of eternity ! begin the song ;
Redeemed, and angel harps ! begin to God,
Begin the anthem ever sweet and new ;
While I extol Him, holy, just, and good.
Life, beauty, light, intelligence, and love !
Eternal, uncreated, infinite !
Unsearchable Jehovah ! God of truth !
Maker, Upholder, Governor of all :
Thyself unmade, ungoverned, unupheld.
Mysterious more the more displayed, where still
Upon thy glorious throne thou sittest alone ;
Alone, invisible, immortal One !
Incomprehensible ! what know we more
Of thee, what need to know, than thou hast taught,
And bidst us still repeat, at morn and even,
God ! everlasting Father ! holy One !
Our God, our Father, our eternal all ?
Source whence we came, and whither we return,

Who made the heaven, who made the flowery land.
Thy works all praise thee ; all thy angels praise ;
Thy saints adore, and on thine altar burn
The fragrant incense of perpetual love.
They praise thee now ; their hearts, their voices praise,
And swell the rapture of the glorious song.

POLLOK.

THE IDOL.

WHATEVER passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear :
This is our world, our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air !

ANON.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

SOLDIER, go—but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses ;
Turn no wishful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes.
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through ;

Close behind thee gulfs are burning,
Forward!—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow ;
On the Rock thy couch will be,
While around thee chafes the billow.
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking ;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep, as on the battle-field,
Girded, grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name or number
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done !
Lo, the hosts of hell are flying !
'Twas thy Lord the battle won ;
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory..
Hark ! what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown.
Triumph ! all thy foes are banished ;
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

MRS. TONNA.

THE CATACOMBS.

TRANSLATION.

An Extract from Prudentius, in his Hymn, "Peristephanon."

AROUND the walls where Romulus once reigned;
 We see, Valerian, countless relics of the saints.
 You ask, What epitaphs are graven on these tombs?
 The names of those who there are laid to rest?
 A question difficult for me to answer!
 For in the olden times of heathen rage
 So great a Christian host was swept away,
 When Rome would have her country's gods adored;
 Yet in some martyr's sepulchre his name is seen,
 Or else some anagram his friends have carved.
 There, too, are silent tombs which dumb stones close,
 Telling us nothing but the number buried there;
 And thus we know how many rest below,
 Though names and appellations all are lost:
 Beneath one single mount some sixty lie,
 Though Christ alone has kept the record of these names
 As being those of His peculiar friends.

* * * * *

Beyond the rampart, 'mid the garden grounds,
 Darkles a crypt in the sequestered mine;
 With tortuous steps, a swift descent and prone,
 Dives down into its heart. The cavern's mouth
 Lies open freely to the day, and drinks
 A light that cheers the shadowy vestibule;
 But, in its bosom, night, obscure and vast,
 Blackens around the explorer's way, nor yields

Save where, down fissures slanting through the vaults,
Clear rays, though broken, glance on roof and wall.
On all sides spreads the labyrinth, woven dense
With paths that cross each other; branching now
In caverned chapels and sepulchral halls :
But even through the subterranean maze
That light from fissure and from cleft looks down,
Fruition granting of an absent sun.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM THE CATACOMBS
OF A YOUNG FRENCH ARTIST.

EAGER to know the secrets of the place,
The sacred cradle of our Christian race,
A youthful artist threads those inmost cells,
The lowest crypts, where only darkness dwells.
No friend to cheer him, and no guide to lead,
He boldly trusts a flambeau and a thread.
Brave and alone he cherishes his light,
And trusts the clew will guide him back aright.
Onward he goes, along the low-arched caves,
Crowded with martyrs' relics and their graves;
Through palaces of death, by countless tombs,
Through awful silence and through thickening glooms;
Yet pausing oft, as walls and slabs impart
Some lesson of the earliest Christian art,
Or some black chasm warns him to beware,
And change his steps, and trim his torch with care.

Onward he goes, nor takes a note of time,
Impelled, enchanted, in this dismal clime;
Thrilling with awe, but yet untouched by fear,
He passes on from dreary unto drear!
The crypts diverge, the labyrinths are crossed —
He will return—alas! his clew is lost!
Dropped from his hand, while tracing out an urn,
The faithless string is gone, and dimly burn
The flambeau's threads. He gropes, but gropes in vain,
Recedes, advances, and turns back again;
A shivering awe, an awful terror next
Seizes his soul, and he is sore perplexed!
He halts, he moves, he thinks, he rushes on,
But only finds that issue there is none.
Crypt tangles crypt, a perfect network weaves
This dark Dædalian world, these gloomy caves.
He mutters to himself, he shouts, he calls,
And echo answers from a hundred walls.
That awful echo doubles his dismay,
That grimmer darkness leads his head astray.
Cold at his heart! his breath, now quick, now slow,
Sounds in that silence like a wail of woe!
Oh! for a cheering ray of heaven's bright sun,
Which through long hours his glorious course hath run,
Since he came here! And now his torch's light
Flickers, expires in smoke—and all is night!
Thick-coming fancies trouble all his sense,
He strives, but vainly strives, to drive them thence;
Cleaves his dry tongue unto the drier roof,
Nor word, nor breath, hath he at his behoof;
That dying torch last shone upon a grave,
That grave his tomb, for who shall help and save?

Alone ! yet not alone, for phantoms throng
His burning brain, and chase the crypts along.
And other spectres rush into the void —
Blessings neglected, leisure misemployed,
And passions left to rise and rage at will,
And faults, called follies, but were vices still ;
And wild caprice, and words in random spoken,
By which kind hearts were wounded, though not broken,
Fruitless resolves, repentance late and vain, —
All these and more come thundering through his brain ;
Condensing in one single moment rife,
The sins of all his days, the history of his life ;
And death at hand ! not that which heroes hail,
On battle-field, when “ Victory ” swells the gale.
But hark ! a step ! alas, no step is there !
But see ! a glimmering light ! oh ! sad despair !
No ray pervades this darkness, grim and rare.
He staggers, reels, and falls, and falling prone
Grapples the ground where he must die alone,
But in that fall touches his outstretched hand
That precious clew the labyrinth can command,
Lost long, but now regained ! Though dark as night,
Gather thy strength, and haste to life and light ;
And up he rises, quick, but cautious grown,
And threads the mazes by that string alone ;
Comes into light, and feels the fanning breeze,
Sees the bright stars, and drops upon his knees.
His first free breath is uttered in a prayer,
Such as none say but those who know despair !
And never were the stars of heaven so sheen,
Except to those who dwell where he had been,

And never Tiber, rippling through the meads,
Made music half so sweet among its reeds;
And never had the earth such rich perfume
As when from him it chased the odour of the tomb!

MACFARLANE.

HARVEST HOME.

HARVEST HOME we sing to-day,
Now the Lord hath crowned our toil;
Well may every heart be gay,
Well may every face now smile!

And first to thee our voice we raise;
To thee the sheaf of offering bring;
We wave it, Lord, to thy sole praise;
To thy sole glory, Lord, we sing.

The Lord kind seasons still affords,
The summer's heat, and fruitful showers;
Surely the praise shall be the Lord's,
While all the benefit is ours.

In hope we sow, nor is it lost,
The seed, when scattered o'er the plain;
Thou didst secure it from the frost,
Nor suffer ought to hurt the grain.

And now we've reaped, what other theme,
But Jesus, shall our songs employ?
What shall we sing, or say, but Him,
Who gives us all things to enjoy?

One blessing more, Lord, give us now,
That while our bodies thus are fed
With food that perisheth below,
Our souls may live on heavenly bread.

Jesus! thou bread of life, be still
Our portion, till thy kingdom come,
Then in that better world we will,
With purer note, sing, "Harvest Home!"

HAWKER.

THE DYING BED.

ONE evening, when the sun went down,
And all the sky was red,
I reached the limits of the town,
To see a dying bed.

The child had long been pale and thin,
And seldom wished to play,
Because she felt a pain within,
That wore her strength away.

And often would the shining tears
Fall from her hollow eye;
For she, poor child, had many fears
That she should surely die.

But though her father sometimes wept
To see her waste away,
And though her mother seldom slept,
But watched her night and day.

And though the child would kiss them both,
With love the most sincere,
Yet 'twas not this that made her loth
To die, and leave them here.

For they, with every day that came,
Were travelling to the sky ;
And had her pathway been the same,
She would have loved to die.

But Jesus bid her look within,
And gave her light to see,
That, as the sting of death was sin,
How full of sin was she !

And when the tears afresh did roll,
And when her eye grew dim,
He gave her faith to cast her soul
Entirely upon Him.

He told her He had lived and died,
And risen from the grave ;
And, that she might be satisfied
He had all power to save.

And she believed the words He spake,
Though none but she could hear ;
In His own name—for His own sake,
She prayed Him to draw near.

And very near her soul He drew,
As we could tell the while,
For paler as the dear child grew,
The sweeter was her smile.

And many a word to do her good,
We whispered now and then;
And still, to show she understood,
Her lips would say — Amen!

Her parents by her pillow knelt,
Because they would be near;
But notwithstanding all they felt,
They did not shed a tear.

For still her finger and her eye
She frequently would raise;
And when our ear was very nigh,
We heard her speak of praise.

Until she faintly moved her head,
And turned upon her side;
“I come!” it seemed as if she said,
And then at once she died.

INDIA.

WHERE mighty Ganges pours along the plain,
And Indus rolls to swell the eastern main,
What awful scenes the curious mind delight!
What wonders burst upon the dazzled sight!
There giant palms lift high their tufted heads,
The plantain wide his graceful foliage spreads;
Wild in the woods the active monkey springs,
The chattering parrot claps his painted wings;
Mid tall bamboos lies hid the deadly snake;
The tiger couches in the tangled brake;

The spotted axis bounds in fear away,
The leopard darts on his defenceless prey.
'Mid reedy pools and ancient forests rude,
Cool, peaceful haunts of awful solitude!
The huge rhinoceros rends the crashing boughs,
And stately elephants untroubled browse.
Two tyrant seasons rule the wide domain,
Scorch with dry heat, or drench with floods of rain:
Now feverish herds rush madding o'er the plains,
And cool in shady streams their throbbing veins;
The birds drop lifeless from the silent spray,
And nature faints beneath the fiery day;
Then bursts the deluge on the sinking shore,
And teeming plenty empties all her store.

THE FROZEN SHOWER.

WRITTEN AT COPENHAGEN.

ERE yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes;
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seemed wrought in glass:
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.

The thick-sprung reeds which watery marshes yield,
Seem polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine
Glazed over, in the freezing æther shine.
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
Then if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends.

PHILLIPS.

THE ORANGE-TREE.*

In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
From every branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies;
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows;
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

LORD LYTTELTON.

THE SUMMER EVENING WALK.

WHEN day, declining, sheds a milder gleam,
What time the may-fly haunts the pool or stream;
When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the tim'rous hare limps forth to feed;
Then be the time to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale,
To hear the clam'rous curlew call his mate,
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
To see the swallow sweep the darkening plain,
Belated, to support her infant train;
To mark the swift, in rapid giddy ring,
Dash round the steeple, unsubdued of wing:
Amusive birds! say where your hid retreat,
When the frost rages, and the tempests beat?
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride:
The God of nature is your secret guide.
While deepening shades obscure the face of day,
To yonder beech, leaf-sheltered, let us stray,
Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,
And all the faded landscape sinks in night;
To hear the drowsy dorr come brushing by,
With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry;
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood;
To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff the awakened churn-owl hung,
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song;

While high in air, and poised upon his wings,
Unseen, the soft enamoured woodlark sings.
Each rural sight, each sound, each smell combine,
The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine,
The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage-chimney smoking through the trees.

WHITE.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

WHERE the Thracian channel roars,
On lordly Europe's eastern shores,
Where the proudly jutting land
Frowns on Asia's western strand,
High on seven hills is seen to shine
The second Rome of Constantine.
Beneath her feet, with graceful pride,
Propontis spreads his ample tide;
His fertile banks profusely pour
Of luscious fruits a varied store;
Rich with a thousand glittering dyes,
His flood a finny shoal supplies;
While crowding sails on rapid wing
The rifled South's bright treasures bring
The mournful cypress rises round,
Tapering from the burial-ground;
Olympus, ever capped with snow,
Crowns the busy scene below.

SUNDAY MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers
That yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear ; the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
While, from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRAHAME.

THE PALMETTO.

LIKE the tall palm it shoots its stately head ;
From the broad top depending branches spread ;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears :
High on each bough a single leaf appears,
Which, shrivelled in its infancy, remains
Like a closed fan, nor stretches wide its veins ;

But as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its ribbed surface to the nearer sun.
Beneath the shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise :
Thus artificial zephyrs round him fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course he has run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain !
But now the fair traveller has come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

WATTS.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD IN THE
PROMISES.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet praises of His grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred Word
With an immortal pen.

Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when He please;
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfil His great decrees.

His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

He said, "Let the wide heaven be spread,"
And heaven was stretched abroad;
"Abram, I'll be thy God," He said,
And He was Abram's God.

Oh! might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

WATTS.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

HIGH quivering in the air, as shadows fly,
The Northern Lights adorn the azure sky;
Dimmed by superior blaze the stars retire,
And heaven's vast concave gleams with sportive fire.
Soft blazing in the east, the orange hue,
The crimson, purple, and ethereal blue,
Form a rich arch, by floating clouds upheld,
High poised in air, with awful mystery swelled;
From whose dark centres, with unceasing roll,
Rich coruscations gild the glowing pole.
Their varied hues, slow waving o'er the bay,
Eclipse the splendour of the dawning day;

Streamers, in quick succession o'er the sky,
From the arc's centre, far diverging, fly,
Pencils of rays, pure as the heaven's own light,
Dart swiftly upward to the zenith's height.

THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.
The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.
It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale;

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms in consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.
The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest..

'Tis Flora's page: in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere:
On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

CANADA.

WHERE Canada spreads forth her deserts hoar,
Chilled by the Polar frosts of Labrador,
Where mighty lakes their azure wastes expand,
And swell their watery empire o'er the land.
What tribes or wing the air, or tread the plain?
What herbage springs, what nations hold their reign?

Enormous forests stretch their shadows wide,
And rich savannahs skirt the mountain's side ;
There bounds the moose, and shaggy bisons graze ;
Scared by the wolf, the hardy reindeer brays ;
The clambering squirrel tumbles from on high,
Fixed by the rattlesnake's rapacious eye ;
Unnumbered pigeons fill the darkened air,
Feed the tired hawk, the loaded branches tear ;
Fair swans majestic on the waters glide ;
The mason beaver checks the flowing tide.
Gigantic rivers shake the thundering shore,
And dread Niagara's foaming cataracts roar !

TRUE ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LEARNING.

SOME plead for learning as the test of truth,
And thus the ignorant into error soothe ;
But men of human learning disagree :
How obvious then to all, well taught to see,
Learning of truth can no criterion be ;
Yet is it the Diana of the day,
To which most men implicit homage pay.
They to her shrine perpetual incense raise,
And lavish on her adulative praise ;
But learning has no worth in God's esteem,
This wisdom of the world is naught to Him.
The Bible is the test of truth divine,
Truth doth in all its heavenly pages shine :
Forsaking these, we tread the devious road,
Which leads our wandering souls far off from God.

A POET'S NOBLEST THEME.

THE works of man may yield delight,
And justly merit praise ;
But though awhile they charm the sight,
That charm in time decays.
The sculptor's, painter's, poet's skill,
The art of mind's creative will,
In various modes may teem ;
But none of these, however rare
Or exquisite, can truth declare —
A poet's noblest theme.

The sun, uprising, may display
His glory to the eye,
And hold in majesty his way
Across the vaulted sky ;
Then sink resplendent in the west,
Where parting clouds his rays invest
With beauty's softest beam :
Yet not unto the sun belong
The charms which consecrate in song
A poet's noblest theme.

The winds, whose music to the ear
With that of art may vie,
Now loud, awakening awe and fear,
Then soft as Pity's sigh ;
The mighty ocean's ample breast,
Calm or convulsed, in wrath or rest,

A glorious sight may seem :
But neither winds nor boundless sea,
Though beautiful or grand, can be
A poet's noblest theme.

The earth, our own dear native earth,
Has charms all hearts may own ;
They cling around us from our birth,
More loved as longer known ;
Hers are the lovely vales, the wild
And pathless forests, mountains piled
On high, and many a stream
Whose beauteous banks the heart may love ;
Yet none of these can truth approve—
A poet's noblest theme.

The virtues, which our fallen state
With foolish pride would claim,
May, in themselves, be good and great,
To us an empty name.
Truth, justice, mercy, patience, love,
May seem with man on earth to rove,
And yet may only seem.
To none of these, as man's, dare I
The title of my verse apply—
"A poet's noblest theme."

To God alone, whose power divine
Created all that live,
To God alone can truth assign
This proud prerogative.
But how shall man attempt His praise,
Or dare to sing in mortal lays

Omnipotence supreme,
When seraph-choirs, in heaven above,
Proclaim His glory and His love
Their noblest, sweetest theme?

Thanks be to God! His grace has shown
How sinful man on earth
May join the songs which round His throne
Give endless praises birth.
He gave His Son for man to die;
He sends His Spirit from on high,
To consummate the scheme:
Oh, be that consummation blest!
And let Redemption be confest
A poet's noblest theme.

BARTON.

THE CHRISTIAN IN HUMBLE LIFE.

As much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had;
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's Son and Nature's Lord.

The manger was His infant bed,
His home the mountain cave;
He had not where to lay His head,
He borrowed e'en his grave;
Earth yielded Him no resting spot—
Her Maker, but she knew Him not.

As much the world's goodwill I share,
Its favours and applause,
As He whose blessed name I bear,
Hated without a cause,—
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

Why should I court my Master's foe?
Why should I fear its frown?
Why should I seek for rest below,
Or sigh for brief renown,
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joy at God's right hand?

CONDER.

THE HIDING PLACE.

O WELCOME hiding place! O refuge meet
For fainting pilgrims, on this desert way!
O kind Conductor of these wandering feet,
Through snares and darkness, to the realms of day!
Soon may the Sun of Righteousness display
His healing beams, each gloomy cloud dispel!
While on the parting mist, in colours gay,
Truth's cheering bow of precious promise tell,
And Mercy's silver voice soft whisper, "All is well!"

HUNTINGTON.

THE ANT.

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes;
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise.
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day:
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers;
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose?
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight;
Till Want, now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambushed foe.

JOHNSON.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Lo! my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed His happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare.
When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet

To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow ;
Here my soul anew shall frame,
And, His mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
Though the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
There I walk from terror free,
While my every wish I see
By thy rod and staff supplied ;
This my guard, and that my guide.
While my foes are gazing on,
Thou thy favouring care hast shown,
Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
Thou with oil refreshed my head.
Filled by thee, my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows.
Constant, to my latest end,
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

MERRICK.

SABBATH MORN.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore :
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend.
And tread the hallowed floor.

With holy joy I hail the day
That warns my thirsting soul away,
To dwell among the blest ;
For, lo ! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to His rest.

Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring ;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

MERRICK.

THE LAMB AND HIS COMPANY.

On Zion's glorious summit stood
A numerous host, redeemed by blood ;
They hymned their King in strains divine ;
I heard the song, and strove to join.

Here all who suffered sword or flame,
For truth, or Jesu's lovely Name,
Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I Am.

While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul ;
And scenes of bliss, for ever new,
Rise in succession to their view.

Here Mary and Manasseh view
The dying thief, and Abraham too;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their song the same.

O sweet employ, to sing and trace
The amazing heights and depths of grace,
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity !

O what a sweet exalted song,
When every tribe and every tongue,
Redeemed by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there !

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

KENT.

PRAISE.

'Tis pleasant to sing
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in the valley we move ;
'Twill be pleasanter still,
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour above.

A. M. T.

THE BORROWED AXE.

THE prophet's sons, in times of old,
Though to appearance poor,
Were rich, without possessing gold,
And honoured, though obscure.

In peace their daily bread they eat,
By honest labour earned ;
While daily, at Elisha's feet,
They truth and wisdom learned.

The prophet's presence cheered their toil,
They watched the words he spoke,
Whether they turned the furrowed soil,
Or felled the spreading oak.

Once, as they listened to his theme,
Their conference was stopped ;
For one beneath the yielding stream
A borrowed axe had dropped.

" Alas ! it was not mine," he said ;
" How shall I make it good ?"
Elisha heard, and when he prayed,
The iron swam like wood.

If God in such a small affair
A miracle performs,
It shows His condescending care
Of poor unworthy worms.

Though kings and nations in His view
Are but as motes and dust,
His eyes and ear are fixed on you,
Who in His mercy trust.

Not one concern of ours is small,
If we belong to Him ;
To teach us this, the Lord of all
Once made the iron swim.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS, BEES, AND ANTS.

Who taught the bird to build her nest
Of softest wool, and hay, and moss ?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the tiny twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest herbs and flowers ?
And lay her store of honey by,
Providing food for winter's hours ?

Who taught the little ant the way
Her narrow hole so well to bore ?
And through the pleasant summer's day
To gather up her winter's store ?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave these little creatures skill ;
And He will teach us, if we pray,
To know and do His holy will.

MATTHEW, VI. 28.

Lo, the lilies of the field !
 How their leaves instruction yield !
 Hark to Nature's lesson given
 By the blessed birds of heaven !
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles sweet philosophy.
 Christian, fly from doubt and sorrow,
 God provideth for the morrow !

Say, with richer crimson glows
 The kingly mantle than the rose ?
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare
 Than we, poor citizens of air ?
 Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
 Yet we carol merrily.
 Christian, fly from doubt and sorrow,
 God provideth for the morrow !

One there lives whose guardian eye
 Guides our humble destiny ;
 One there lives who, Lord of all,
 Keeps our feathers, lest they fall ;
 Pass we blithely, then, the time,
 Fearless of the snare and lime,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,
 God provideth for the morrow !

HEBER.

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

COWPER.

THE HONEY-BEE.

Come, honey-bee, with thy busy hum,
To the fragrant tufts of the wild thyme come,
And sip the sweet dew from the cowslip's head,
From the lily's bell and the violet's bed.

Come, honey-bee,
There is spread for thee
A rich repast in wood and field;
And a thousand flowers
Within our bowers
To thee their nectared essence yield.

Come, honey-bee, to our woodlands come,
There's a lesson for us in thy busy hum ;
Thou hast treasure in store in the hawthorn's wreath,
In the golden broom and the purple heath ;
 And flowers less fair,
 That scent the air,
Like pleasant friends, drop balm for thee ;
 And thou winnest spoil
 By thy daily toil,
Thou patient, and thrifty, and diligent bee.

We may learn from the bee the wise man's lore, —
"The hand of the diligent gathereth store."
He plies in his calling from morn till night,
Nor tires of his labour, nor flags in his flight :
From numberless blossoms, of every hue,
He gathers the nectar and sips the dew.
 Then homeward he speeds,
 O'er the fragrant meads,
And he hums as he goes his thankful lay.
 Let our thanks, too, arise
 For our daily supplies,
As homeward and heavenward we haste on our way.

THE GOLDFINCH.

With equal art externally disguised,
But of internal structure passing far
The feathered concaves of the other tribes,
The goldfinch weaves, with willow down inlaid,

And cannach tufts, his wonderful abode.
Sometimes, suspended at the limber end
Of plane-tree spray, among the broad-leaved shoots,
The tiny hammock swings to every gale;
Sometimes in closest thickets 'tis concealed;
Sometimes in hedge luxuriant, where the brier,
The bramble, and the crooked plum-tree branch
Warp through the thorn, surmounted by the flowers
Of climbing vetch and honeysuckle wild,
All undefaced by Art's deforming hand.
But mark the pretty bird himself! How light
And quick is every motion, every note!
How beautiful his plumes, his red-tinged head,
His breast of brown! and see him stretch his wing,—
A beauteous fan of golden spokes it seems.
Oft on the thistle's tuft he, nibbling, sits,
Light as the down; then, 'mid a flight of downs,
He wings his way, piping his shrillest call.

GRAHAME.

THE BLACKBIRD.

WHEN snowdrops die, and the green primrose leaves
Announce the coming flower, the blackbird's note,
Mellifluous, rich, deep-toned, fills all the vale,
And charms the ravished ear. The hawthorn bush,
New-budded, is his perch. There the grey dawn
He hails; and there, with parting light, concludes
His melody. There, when the buds begin
To break, he lays the fibrous roots; and, see,
His jetty breast embrowned,—the rounded clay

His jetty breast has soiled : but, now complete,
His partner, and his helper in the work,
Happy assumes possession of her home ;
While he, upon a neighbouring tree, his lay,
More richly full, melodiously renews.
When twice seven days have run, the moment snatch
That she has flitted off her charge, to cool
Her thirsty bill, dipt in the babbling brook ;
Then silently, on tip-toe raised, look in,
Admire ! five cupless acorns, darkly specked,
Delight the eye, warm to the cautious touch.
In seven days more expect the fledgless young,
Five gaping bills. With busy wing, and eye
Quick darting, all alert, the parent pair
Gather the sustenance which Heaven bestows.
But music ceases, save at dewy fall
Of eve, when, nestling o'er her brood, the dam
Has stilled them all to rest : or at the hour
Of doubtful dawning grey ; then from his wing
Her partner turns his yellow bill, and chants
His solitary song of joyous praise.

GRAHAME.

THE THRUSH.

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a mole-hill large and round,
I heard, from morn to morn, a merry thrush
Sing songs at sunrise, while I drank the sound
With joy ;—and often, an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils, from day to day,

How well she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by and bye, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over shells of green and blue;
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the smiling sky.

CLARE.

THE WREN.

THE wren through winter's gloomy hours
Sings cheerily; nor yet hath lost
His blitheness, chilled by pinching frost;
Nor yet is forced, for warmth, to cleave
To caverned nook or straw-built eave.
Sing, little bird! sing on! designed
A lesson for our anxious kind;—
That we, like thee, with hearts content,
May take the blessings God hath sent;
His bounty trust, perform His will,
Nor antedate uncertain ill.
Beside the red-breast's note, one other strain,
One summer strain, in wintry days is heard:
Amid the leafless thorn the merry wren,
When icicles hang dripping from the rock,
Pipes her perennial lay: even when the flakes
Broad on her pinions fall, she lightly flies
Athwart the shower, and sings upon the wing.

GRAHAM.

I PETER, v. 7.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by His door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

R. B.

REV. VII. 13-17.

Who are they, clothed in radiant white,
That stand around yon golden throne ;
Their garments of celestial light,
Pure with a lustre not their own ?

These are the saints, who once below
Walked in the path their Master trod ;
Midst pain, and mockery, and woe,
And scorching flames, they sought their God.

Through His dear might who once was slain,
Firm at the burning stake they stood ;
And washed, from every guilty stain,
Their garments in His precious blood.

Therefore around the throne they stand,
And in His holy temple shine ;
Rich in the joy of His right hand,
Robed in His righteousness divine.

There they can never hunger more,
Nor ask the cooling draught in vain ;
For He will living waters pour,
And heal from every earthly pain.

In those blessed realms of endless day,
The Lamb shall all their wants supply ;
And God's own hand shall wipe away
The falling tear from every eye.

2 COR. III. 5.

WE cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till He who spake the world from nought
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in the Spirit groan,
And then we give Him back His own.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!

Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place:"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be :
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep !

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm ;
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars He made,
To all His creatures free ;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive ;
Oh ! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

THE AIR ORCHIS.

PLANT of ethereal birth !
Too exquisitely wrought
For aliment of earth,
Thy rootless garland, fraught
With breath of heaven, ruled by mysterious laws,
Its secret life from viewless fountains draws.

Bright emblem of the soul,
That lives on the unseen ;
Surmounting all control
And power of things terrene.
Unearthly flower, fed by a heavenly ray !
Thus would we live as children of the day.
MRS. CONDER.

THE PILGRIM'S ASYLUM.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom, unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song :
" What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,

He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storm's and prelates' rage ;
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything ;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air ;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night ;
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet :
But apple plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel pearl upon this coast,
And in its rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arise at heaven's vault,
Which then (perhaps), rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."
Thus sang they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

*Works of Andrew Marvel, by Capt.
Edmund Thompson, 1776.*

TRANSLATION FROM MUSCULUS.

My fainting life is nearly gone,
My frame is chilled with dying cold;
But Jesus, thou, my better life,
Canst neither sicken nor be old.

Why tremblest thou, my parting soul?
To mansions of eternal rest
That Angel waits to guide thy way,
And bless thee there among the blest.

Quit then, oh quit, this wretched house!
Nor, at its ruin, once repine;
God soon shall build it up again,
And bid it with new lustre shine.

But, art thou all-defiled with sins?
Fear not, my soul, thou ne'er shalt fall;
Believe His faithful Word, and know,
The blood of Christ can cleanse them all.

Can death a thousand horrors show?
True, soul; but, what is death to thee?
Life is at hand, the promised life,
And, like its Giver, sure and free.

Lo! Christ, o'er Satan, sin, and death,
Yonder in triumph sits on high:
Fly, happy soul, with eager wings;
Away to Jesus swiftly fly!

TOPLADY.

DÉSIRES.

I THIRST for thirstiness ; I weep for tears ;
Well pleased I am to be displeased thus ;
The only thing I fear is want of fears ;
Suspecting I am not suspicious.
I cannot choose but live, because I die ;
And, when I am not dead, how glad am I ?

Yet, when I am thus glad for sense of pain,
And careful am, lest I should careless be,
Then do I grieve for being glad again,
And fear lest carelessness take care from me.
Amidst these restless thoughts this rest I find,
For those that rest not here, there's rest behind.

GATAKER.

FROM H. KIRKE WHITE'S POEM ON TIME.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass, that earthly things are mist ?
What are our joys but dreams ? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud ?
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some fleeting promise :—Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd gazed

In his mid-watch observant, and disposed
 The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.
 Yet in the interim what mighty shocks
 Have buffeted mankind—whole nations razed—
 Cities made desolate,—the polished sunk
 To barbarism, and once barbaric states
 Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
 Illustrious deeds and memorable names
 Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
 Of gray Tradition, voluble no more.
 Where are the heroes of the ages past?
 Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
 Who flourished in the infancy of days?
 All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
 Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
 Sits grim Forgetfulness.—The warrior's arm
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
 Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
 Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name
 Was mighty on the earth.—To-day—'tis what?
 The meteor of the night of distant years,
 That flashed unnoticed.
 Oh, how weak
 Is mortal man! how trifling—how confined
 His scope of vision! Puffed with confidence,
 His phrase grows big with immortality,
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day!
 Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
 Of endless glory and perennial bays.
 He idly reasons of eternity,
 As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries

Are, in comparison, a little point
 Too trivial for account. Oh, it is strange,
 'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
 Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
 Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
 And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
 Till Time shall be no more; while at his feet,
 Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
 Of the fallen fabric of the other day
 Preaches the solemn lesson.—He should know
 That Time must conquer; that the loudest blast
 That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump
 Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
 Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
 Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
 Reared its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says,
 The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more
 Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
 Their memory bursts its fetters.
 Where is Rome?
 She lives but in the tale of other times;
 Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
 And her long colonnades, her public walks,
 Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
 Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
 Through the rank moss revealed, her honoured dust.
 But not to Rome alone has Time confined
 The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
 Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
 And rich Phenicia—they are blotted out,
 Half-razed from memory, and their very name
 And being in dispute.—Has Athens fallen?

Is polished Greece become the savage seat
Of ignorance and sloth?
Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And as we fall, another race succeeds,
To wither likewise. Meanwhile Nature smiles—
The seasons run their round. The sun fulfils
His annual course—and heaven and earth remain
Still changing, yet unchanged—still marked to feel
Endless mutation in perpetual rest.
Where are concealed the days which have elapsed?
Hid in the mighty cavern of the past,
They rise upon us only to astound,
By indistinct and half-glimpsed images,
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.
. The life of man
Is summed in birthdays and in sepulchres:
But the Eternal God had no beginning;
He hath no end.—Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,
Baseless and silly as the schoolboy's dream.
Ages and epochs, that destroy our pride,
And then record its downfall, what are they
But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
Hath heaven its ages? or doth heaven preserve
Its stated eras? Doth the Omnipotent
Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?

There is to God nor future nor a past ;
Throned in His might, all times to Him are present ;
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come ;
He sees before Him one eternal now.
Time moveth not !—our being 'tis that moves,
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
Ordned to chronicle our passing days ;
So the young sailor in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.—On earth
There is nor certainty nor stable hope.
As well the weary mariner, whose bark
Is tossed beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus,
Where storm and darkness hold their drear domain,
And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust
To expectation of serener skies,
And linger in the very jaws of death,
Because some threatening cloud were opening,
Or the loud storm had bated in its rage,
As we look forward in this vale of tears
To permanent delight—from some slight glimpse
Of shadowy unsubstantial happiness.
The Christian's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation. He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampant Ruin, or the unstable waves
Of dark Vicissitude. Even in death,—
In that dread hour, when with a giant pang,

Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
 The heaven-born spirit struggles to be free,
 And springs to life and immortality.
 Who shall contend with Time—unvanquished Time—
 The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
 Of desolation? Lo! the shadows fly,
 The hours and days, and years and centuries,—
 They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall :
 The young are old, the old are in their graves.
 Heardest thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies,
 It was the voice of people,—mighty crowds,—
 Again, 'tis hushed—Time speaks, and all is hushed ;
 In the vast multitude now reigns alone
 Unruffled solitude. They all are still ;
 All—yea, the whole—the incalculable mass,
 Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.
 But dost thou know the season yet shall come
 When from its base thine adamant throne
 Shall tumble ; when thine arm shall cease to strike,
 Thy voice forget its petrifying power ;
 When saints shall shout, and Time shall be no more ?
 Yea, He doth come—the mighty Champion comes—
 Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-wound,
 Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
 And desolate stern Desolation's lord.
 Lo! where He cometh! the Messiah comes
 The King! the Comforter! the Christ! He comes
 To burst the bonds of death, and overturn
 The power of Time.—Hark! the trumpet's blast
 Rings o'er the heavens! They rise, the myriads rise—
 Even from their graves they spring — and burst
 Their chains.

* * * * *

He then shall summon His elected saints
To their apportioned heaven!
Hark ! hark ! those strains, how solemnly serene
They fall, as from the skies—at distance fall—
Again more loud—the hallelujahs swell ;
The Lord's redeemed catch the joyful sound ;
They glow, they burn ; and now with one accord
Bursts forth sublime from every mouth the song
Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb
For ever.

THE LITTLE SHIP.

A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight ;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

When, lo ! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong ;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

And all, but One, were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep ;
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.

Master, we perish !—Master, save !
They cried,—their Master heard ;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.

He to the storm says, "Peace!—be still!"
The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey His will,
And all are hushed to peace.

Oh! well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our Friend;
Whose care of those who trust His word
Will never, never end.

A SONNET ON EARLY SPRING.

WINTER is past; the little bee resumes
Her share of sun and shade, and o'er the lea
Hums her first hymnings to the flower's perfumes,
And wakes a sense of gratefulness in me:
The little daisy keeps its wonted pace,
Ere March by April gets disarmed of snow;
A look of joy opes on its smiling face,
Turned to that Power that suffers it to blow.
Ah! pleasant time, as pleasing as you be,
One still more pleasing Hope reserves for me;
Where suns, unsetting, one long summer shine,
Flowers endless bloom, where winter ne'er destroys:
Oh! may the Christian's joyful end be mine,
That I may witness these unfading joys.

CLARE.

HABAKKUK, III. 17, 18.

WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply?

Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be?

Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in His love;
In Him I'll joy, who does the God
Of my salvation prove.

He to my tardy feet shall lend
The swiftness of the roe;
Till, raised on high, I safely dwell
Beyond the reach of woe.

God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

LOGAN.

THE NAME JESUS.

OH! what a new and wondrous song
That name affords the Christian's tongue!
Of joy it prompts the sweetest strain,
It wings the heavy hours of pain.

When life draws near its dread eclipse,
'Tis the last sound upon his lips;
When heaven unfolds, 'twill be the first
That from his raptured heart shall burst.

BEAUTY.

THERE is beauty in the flower,
Though it fades within the hour:
There is beauty in the sky,
Though the cloud is passing by;—

Beauty in the distant hill,
Beauty in the gurgling rill,
Beauty in the rising sun,
Beauty when his course is done:—

But the beauty which I prize,
Beams from forth my Saviour's eyes,
All the charms of beauty rare
Centre in the smile that's there.

J. D. CAUSTON.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

Oh! ask ye why, with staff in hand
And pilgrim scrip I travel on?
Why in a strange and foreign land
I walk with speed, and must be gone?
Oh! did ye know that world so fair,
Where all my hope, my treasure lies;
Knew ye the many waiting there
To bid me welcome to the skies;
No more to tread, with pilgrim feet,
A land of strangers and of storm;
I shall a kind associate meet,
A friend in every angel form;—
Knew ye the beauty of His face,
Whose eye is life, whose smile is love;—
Knew ye the glories of the place
Where Jesus reigns enthroned above;—
Knew ye the strong, the living power
That links His people's hearts to His:
Ye, too, would hasten on the hour
When we shall see Him as He is.
Ye would not ask, Why haste ye so?
With Christ and glory still in view,
But ye would turn from all below,
And press to take possession too.

THE UNCHANGEABLE.

THERE'S nought on earth to rest upon, all things are changing here,
The smiles of joy we gaze upon, the friends we count most dear ;
One Friend alone is changeless—the One too oft forgot,
Whose love has stood for ages past—our Jesus changeth not.


The sweetest flower on earth that shed its fragrance round,
Ere evening comes, has withered, and lies upon the ground ;
The dark and dreary desert has only one green spot,
'Tis found in living pastures, with Him who changeth not.

And clouds o'ercast our summer sky, so beautiful, so bright,
And while we still admire it, it darkens into night ;
One sky alone is cloudless, there darkness enters not,
'Tis found alone with Jesus,—and Jesus changeth not.

And friendship's smile avails not to cheer us here below,
For smiles are all deceitful, they quickly ebb and flow ;
One smile alone can gladden, whate'er the pilgrim's lot,
It is the smile of Jesus,—for Jesus changeth not.

And thus our bark moves onward o'er life's tempestuous sea,
While death's unerring hand is stamped on everything we see ;
But faith has found a living One, where hope deceiveth not :
Our life is hid with Jesus,—and Jesus changeth not.

There's nought on earth to rest upon, all things are changing here,
The smiles of joy we gaze upon, the friends we count most dear ;
One Friend alone is changeless—the One too oft forgot,
Whose love has stood for ages past—our Jesus changeth not.



SCOTLAND.

Oh, wild, traditioned Scotland !
Thy briery burns and braes
Are full of pleasant memories
And tales of other days;
Thy story-haunted waters
In music gush along,
Thy mountain glens are tragedies,
Thy heathy hills are song.

Land of the Bruce and Wallace !
Where patriot hearts have stood ;
And for their country and their faith
Like water poured their blood ;
Where wives and little children
Were steadfast to the death,
And graves of martyr warriors
Are in the desert heath.

THE HARMONY OF ZION.

With harps and songs of praise abounding,
The saints, their glorious theme resounding,
(Of every tongue and name,)
Sing, " Blessing, wisdom, honour, power,
Salvation, glory," evermore,
To God and to the Lamb !

The Patriarchs sang of Jesus' name;
Emmanuel their harps proclaim,
As round His glories shine!
Of Him the Prophets sweetly sung,
Their harps to Him the Apostles strung,
And saints in concert join.

Him Abraham sang, the covenant heir,
Him whom the Father did not spare,
But offered for them all;
Rejoicing in His sacrifice,
And righteousness that justifies
The Church from guilt and thrall.

Melchisedec of Him did sing,
His offices of priest and king,
Eternal and divine!
The King of peace and righteousness!
The Priest that doth His people bless
With heavenly bread and wine!

Him Isaac sang, the seed expressed,
In whom the nations should be blessed,
And be from bondage freed;
The Lamb, Jehovah did provide,
On Calvary's mount that bled and died
For all the chosen seed.

Him Jacob sang, the Morning Star,
His glories beaming from afar,
Bright harbinger of day!
The Sceptre that from Israel rose,
To rule His friends and smite His foes,
And His dominion sway.


With songs did Judah praise ascribe,
To Him the Lion of His tribe,
Whose Kingdom shall advance ;
The sceptre broke from Judah's lands,
He Shiloh sang, whose mighty hands
Shall gather all His saints.

The song of Moses Him declares,
That Prophet whom the Church reveres :
The Saviour's praise he spreads,
As he His unveiled glories saw,
The end of Sinai's broken law
And ceremonial shades.

Him Joshua sang in martial song,
The Lord of Hosts, in battle strong,
The mighty God confessed !
The Captain of Salvation He,
Who leads the saints to victory
And heavenly Canaan's rest.

Him Barak sang, when, marching high,
He captive led captivity,
From Canaan's field of blood ;
Where, great in might, the Conqueror rose,
Trod down the strength of all His foes,
And Israel's Saviour stood !

Him Gideon sang, in conquering strains,
The Angel of deliverance,
Omnipotent to save !
To Him, the shield of his defence,
And sword of Israel's excellence,
His song the glory gave.



Job sang Him, his Redeemer dear,
Who lives His people's suit to hear,
And sleeping saints to raise;
The Days-man that was mighty made,
On God and man, His hand who laid,
To whom belongeth praise.

Him, fairest all the fair among,
Israel's sweet singer, David sung:
His harp's majestic lays,
Resound the triumphs of his Lord,
His sufferings and his death record,
His root and offspring praise.

Him Solomon did sweetly sing,
The Church's Spouse, and Zion's King,
All-glorious to behold!
He sang the beauties of His face,
His wisdom, riches, and His grace,
But not the half He told!

Isaiah glowed with heavenly fire,
While his sweet evangelic lyre
The Virgin's Son proclaims;
Him sang the rapt prophetic bard,
His passion, conquest, and reward,
Were his exalted themes.

Him Jeremiah did adore
In joyful strains (his harp no more
To lamentation strung:)
The Lord His Israel's Righteousness,
The Holy King of David's race,
And righteous Branch, he sung.


Ezekiel saw, and sang of Him,
Borne on the wings of cherubim,
And throned in crystal skies,
As Israel's God, whose Spirit fills
The living creatures and the wheels, .
Mysterious, full of eyes !

Him, Prince Messiah, Daniel sung,
(His harp to wondrous visions strung)
Who did atone for sin
And reconciliation made,
When for the Church His Blood He shed,
And righteousness brought in.

Hosea sang His growing reign,
When He (His mercy to obtain)
The Gentiles in should bring;
When Israel should return, and praise
His goodness in the latter days,
And seek their God and King.

Him Amos sang, whose hands should frame
The ruins of Jerusalem,
And Zion build again;
When He in glory there should shine,
And all the mountains drop sweet wine,
And scent as Lebanon !

Him Joel sang, who down should pour
The Spirit, in a copious shower
Of blessings all divine!
His drooping Zion to revive,
To make her as the lily thrive,
And flourish as the vine.



Him Micah's lofty sounds proclaim,
The Ruler that from Bethlehem came,
The man of lowly birth ;
He sang His goings forth from old,
His ways from everlasting told,
The God of heaven and earth.

Him Nahum sang, whose beauteous feet,
High on the mountains stood, that meet
Around Jerusalem ;
Who spread glad tidings all abroad,
To Zion said, Behold thy God,
Almighty to redeem.

Him Habakkuk sang with holy dread,
Whose glories o'er the heavens were spread,
And filled the earth with praise.
Who in salvation's chariots rode,
Armed with the naked bow of God,
All-conquering in His grace !

Him Zephaniah sang aloud,
Who, in His Zion, as her God,
Displays His saving might ;
For ever resting in His love,
Rejoicing o'er her from above,
With songs of sweet delight.

Him Haggai sounded on his lyre,
His Israel's glory and desire
Of nations yet unborn ;
Whose presence should the temple gild,
With brighter beams than those which filled,
And did the first adorn.

Of Him did Zechariah sing,
Who, clad as Zion's Saviour King,
 Into fair Salem rode;
Lowly and just, upon an ass,
(Poor as the subjects of His grace)
 Amid hosannas loud.

Him Malachi did nobly chant
The Angel of the covenant,
 And Messenger of Peace;
The Sun of Righteousness, whence springs
Immortal light, whose balmy wings
 His Zion's joys increase.

The last and greatest prophet, John,
The glories sang that on Him shone,
 And did his mission sign:
Him did Messiah's harbinger,
In sweet exalted strains prefer,
 And sound His praise divine.

Him the Messiah, Matthew sings,
Descended through a line of kings,
 As Abraham's promised seed;
The lawful heir of Judah's throne,
And of the crown of Solomon,
 The Jewish king indeed.

Him Peter sang, the Christ of God,
The Lamb once slain, whose precious blood
 Did all the Church redeem;
The Rock that doth His Zion bear,
Precious to saints, to sinners dear,
 Who build their all on Him.

Paul sang of Him, in strains profound,
His work extolled, His Person crowned,
 With majesty supreme!
Now striking all the golden strings,
God's everlasting love he sings,
 To saints elect in Him!

John hymned Him, the Eternal Son,
The Father's first begotten One,
 And the Incarnate Word;
The Word that gave Creation birth!
The God who made both heaven and earth,
 By earth and heaven adored!

Of saints a multitude unknown,
Who stand around Emmanuel's throne,
 The lofty chorus swell,
To Him, who washed them in His blood,
And made them kings and priests to God,
 And saved their souls from hell.

With palms of victory in their hand,
And crowned with joy, a glorious band
 Of every tongue and name,
Sing, "Blessing, wisdom, honour, power,
Salvation, glory," evermore,
 To God and to the Lamb!

From the Gospel Magazine of 1810.

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